THE SECOND ANNUAL

"YOU'LL GO 'APE' OVER THIS ISSUE OF MAD"

ISSUE OF

MAD

No. 102
April '66

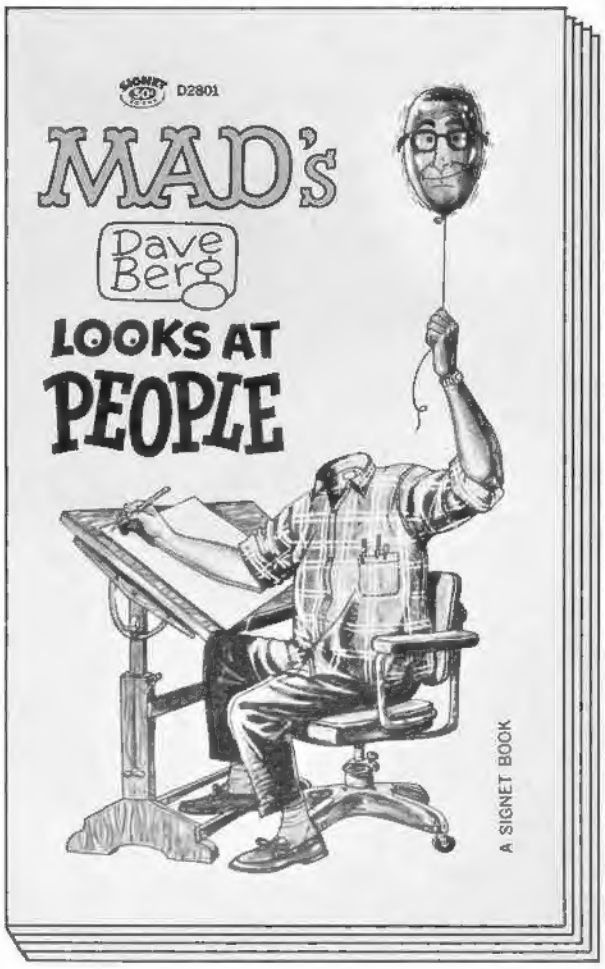
OUR PRICE 30c CHEAP

ATTENTION, BERG-WATCHERS!

FIRST IT WAS . . .

. . . NOW WE'RE HAWKING THIS SECOND BERG-BRAINED CREATION!

Yes, in a further effort to *feather* his nest, MAD'S Dave Berg has cast an *eagle*-eye at all the queer *ducks* around him and come up with another *cuckoo* collection of "Berg's-Eye Views". So just for a *lark, buzzard* down to your bookstore and take a *gander* at it. You'll have no *egrets* . . . until you take a *swift* look at the price. Then, you'll *tern* and cry *fowl* when you realize how we're *robin* all you *gull*-ible people blind. But that's a *myna* detail. You'll end up *raven* over this *turkey!* (Now isn't this pitch more than you can *swallow*?)



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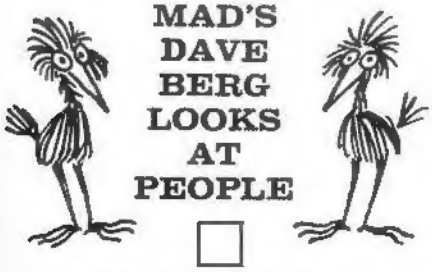

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- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY

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WHICH IS AN ABSOLUTE MUST!

NUMBER 102 APRIL 1966

MAD

"Some sons of brilliant fathers are such disappointments that it would seem enlightening doesn't strike in the same place twice."—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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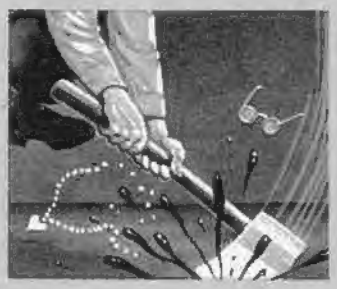

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US MAD SUBSCRIBERS WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH

. . . to buying each copy at a newsstand!

Photography by Irving Schild

JOIN THE MAD UNSWITCHABLES!

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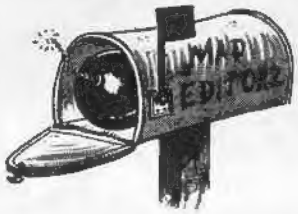
Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

quickly put a match to his full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, to warm his hands. So if you want a picture to keep you warm, mail 25¢ (or 50¢ for 3) to MAD, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



WHAT IS A BLIND DATE?

I would like to congratulate Arnie Kogen on "What Is A Blind Date?" (No. 100). It was one of the funniest things I have ever read. And the drawings by Sergio Aragones were hilarious, too.

Debbie Berliner
Fort Worth, Texas

We are MAD! Why is it that it's always the girl who's the dog? Has Arnie Kogen, the writer of your biased masterpiece, ever heard what girls said about HIM when they get him for a blind date?

Cheerleader
(Who has taken Blind Dates)
Phoenix, Arizona

Congratulations on your exposé of Blind Dates. However, you included everything except that now computers are moving in on the Blind Date Field—choosing with split-second timing and unquestionable precision the same dogs we would get otherwise.

Randall H. Suslick
Charlottesville, Va.

I read with interest your article on "Blind Dates". Thanks for the warning.

A Future Dater.
Drew Kaselow (Age 12)
Glen Rock, New Jersey

Your article on Blind Dates may hold true for a lot of girls, but certainly not for all of them. After all, my Mother and Father met on a blind date!

Wayne Rosenfeld
Springfield, Mass.

"What Is A Blind Date?" was a Masterpiece. In fact, I framed it and hung it on the wall . . . of a condemned building!

Bill Osenger
Burlington, Wisc.

BELIEVE IT OR NUTS

It made me angry to read your snide joke about Philadelphia ("MAD's Modern Believe It or Nuts"—No. 100). Everybody picks on Philadelphia. Everybody makes the same old jokes about it being such a dull city. Well, I'm sick of it, and I protest! And tomorrow morning, just as soon as they unroll the sidewalks again, I'm rushing out and mail this letter.

P. J. Beneson
Philadelphia, Pa.

MARVELOUS MODEL-KIT

I think the Aurora "Alfred E. Neuman" model-kit is marvelous. When it is assembled and painted up, it looks exactly like Alfie himself. And the poses are hilarious. When is the model-kit of "The MAD Zeppelin" coming out?

Martin Lipsius
Ormand Beach, Fla.

THE NILSON FAMILY

Congratulations on your 100th Issue. I can honestly say that I've never seen MAD funnier. As I read through it, page by page, I kept laughing louder and louder. A special thanks for your superb satire, "The Nilson Family"—undoubtedly your most hilarious TV satire yet.

Thom. R. Pokorni
John Carroll University
Cleveland, Ohio

It's about time somebody poked fun at TV shows that have become "sickeningly sweet". Shows like these probably give people in other countries the impression that we are a nation of morons. I hope that you will continue to point out the unreality of some of our entertainment.

Tom Rechenmacher
Northfield, Ohio

I really have to hand it to you guys. You really tore apart a thouroughly—er—thuroughly—er—a real sickening TV show.

B. W. Borysyewski
SSC, USNTC
Great Lakes, Ill.

Your satire of "The Nilson Family" was surprisingly brilliant, considering that one of your staff wrote it.

Fred Paul
Fair Lawn, N. J.

A FUTURE FOR MAD?

Keep up the good work, and you *could* become the nation's top humor magazine.

John Buffum
Annapolis, Md.

HACK, HACK, SWEET HAS-BEEN

Recently bought your "100th Issue—Big Deal!" and thought that your satire on the rash of Bette Davis—Joan Crawford—type horror movies, "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been" was absolutely great!

John Greitzer
Springfield, Pa.

I just finished reading your disgusting satire on elderly movie actresses. It was pure filth and made your 100th Issue trashy. It was a low blow.

Bob Bearden
St. Louis, Mo.

Your movie satires ("Flawrence of Arabia", "Cheyenne Awful", etc.) are usually some of the cleverest and most cutting satires you produce. That's because you stick to the plots and tear them slowly to pieces, scene by scene. But your satire of "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been" was extremely disappointing, going off on its own and forgetting the film it was satirizing. It was much too contrived for MAD.

Richard Douglass
Fayette, Missouri

Chalk up another victory for Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel for "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been"—one of the best satires I have ever read. How you can sum up all of these shock-type horror movies in one brilliant satire is beyond me.

Jim Carlson
Bradford, Pa.

Why pick on the great ladies of the screen?

Charles Lefebvre
Plaquemine, La.

I have never read anything as funny as your movie satire, "Hack, Hack Sweet Has-Been".

Bonnie Kraisman
Philadelphia, Pa.

A CASE FOR MAD

We never throw away a copy of MAD. We keep them in a sacred bookcase, and on rainy days, we drag out the stack and enjoy them all over again. MAD never gets old.

B. Thomas
Toledo, Ohio

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 102, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

NOW YOU CAN BUILD ALFRED E. NEUMAN

MAD's "WHAT—ME WORRY?" KID WITH AURORA'S CRAZY NEW ALFRED E. NEUMAN WHAT—ME WORRY? KIT!

...AND YOU CAN "CUSTOMIZE" HIM INTO SOME NUTTY POSES!

Extra "snap-in" arms and signs allow you to pose Alfred in various attitudes, each one sure to get you a laugh . . . or more likely, a punch in the mouth. Like f'rinstance, these four ridiculous poses:

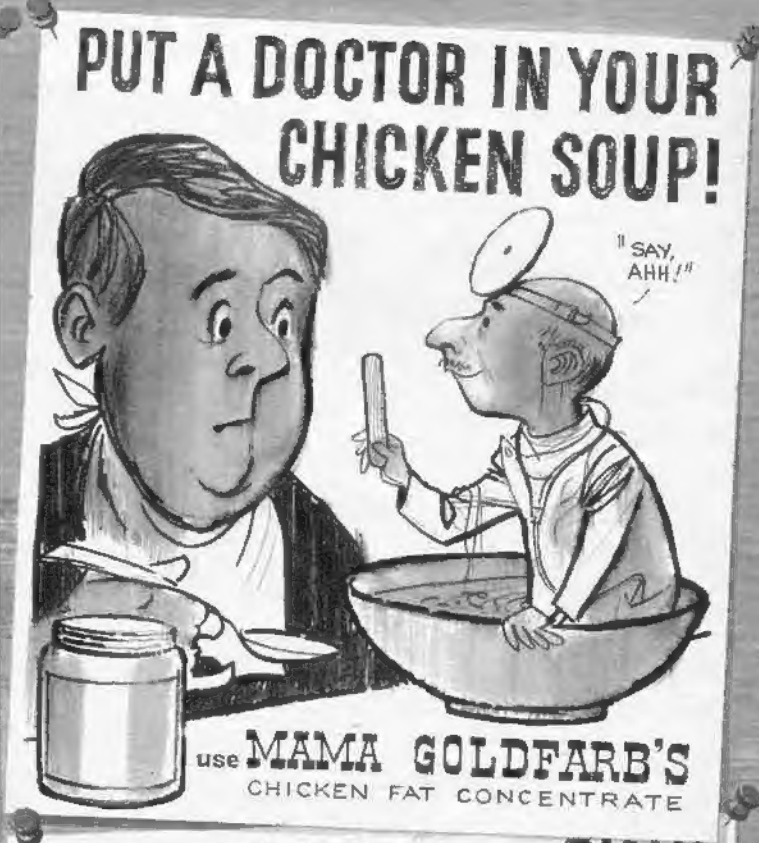
ON SALE NOW

AT ALL HOBBY AND CHAIN STORES

PUT "CAMP" IN YOUR CAMPAIGN DEPT.

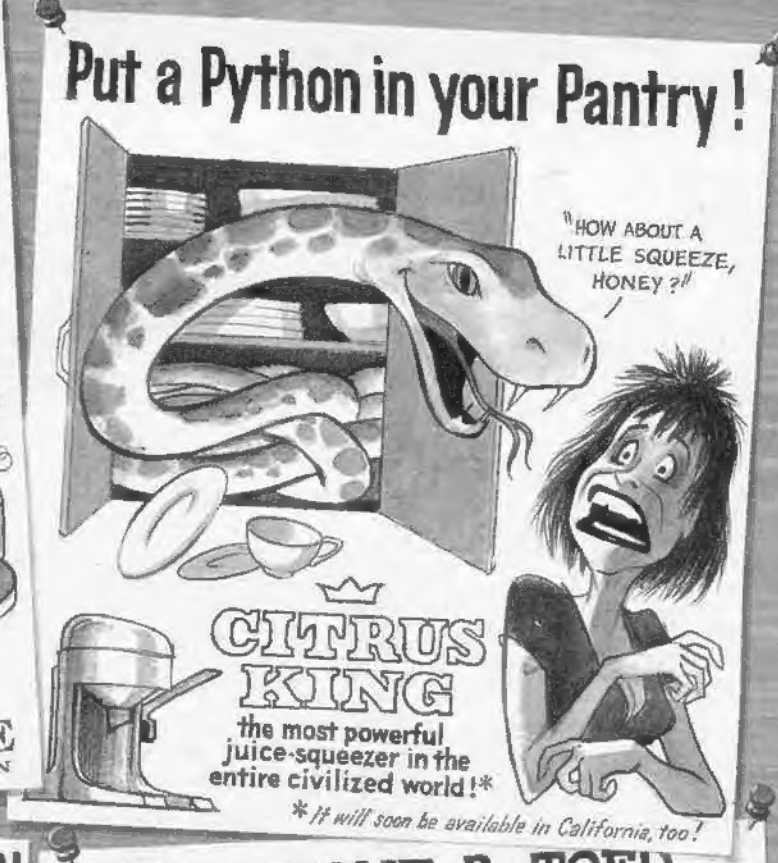
Running true to form, Madison Avenue has once again latched onto an Idea, and is currently beating it to death. It all started with "Put a *Giant* in your Washer!" and hit its stride with "Put a *Tiger* in your Tank!" (See ad below.) Where will it end, nobody knows. Hopefully, it may come to a halt with this article which offers—

SOME MAD OTHER "RID



SUGGESTIONS FOR ICULOUS AD IMAGES"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

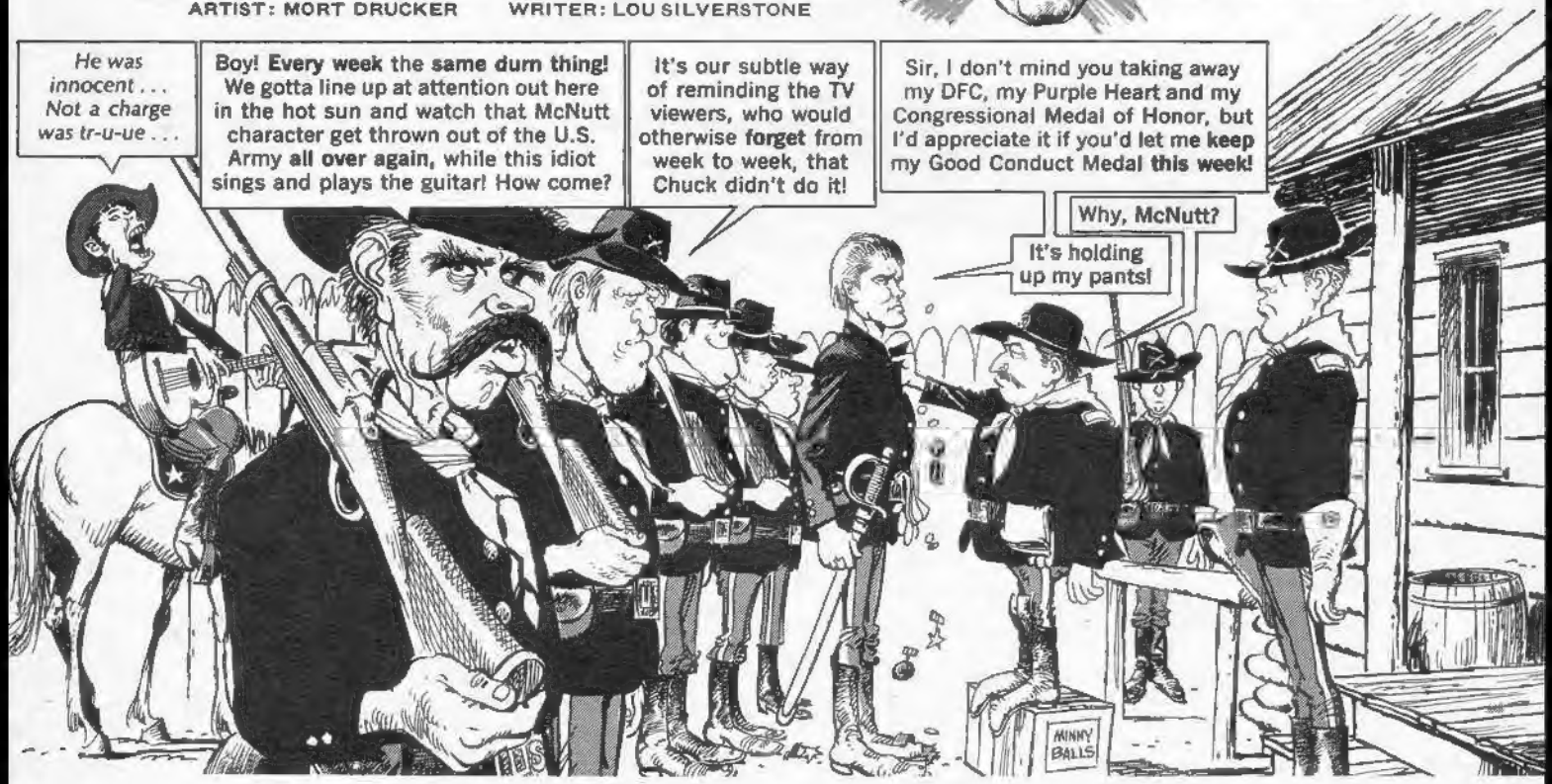
IN THE DELICATESSEN

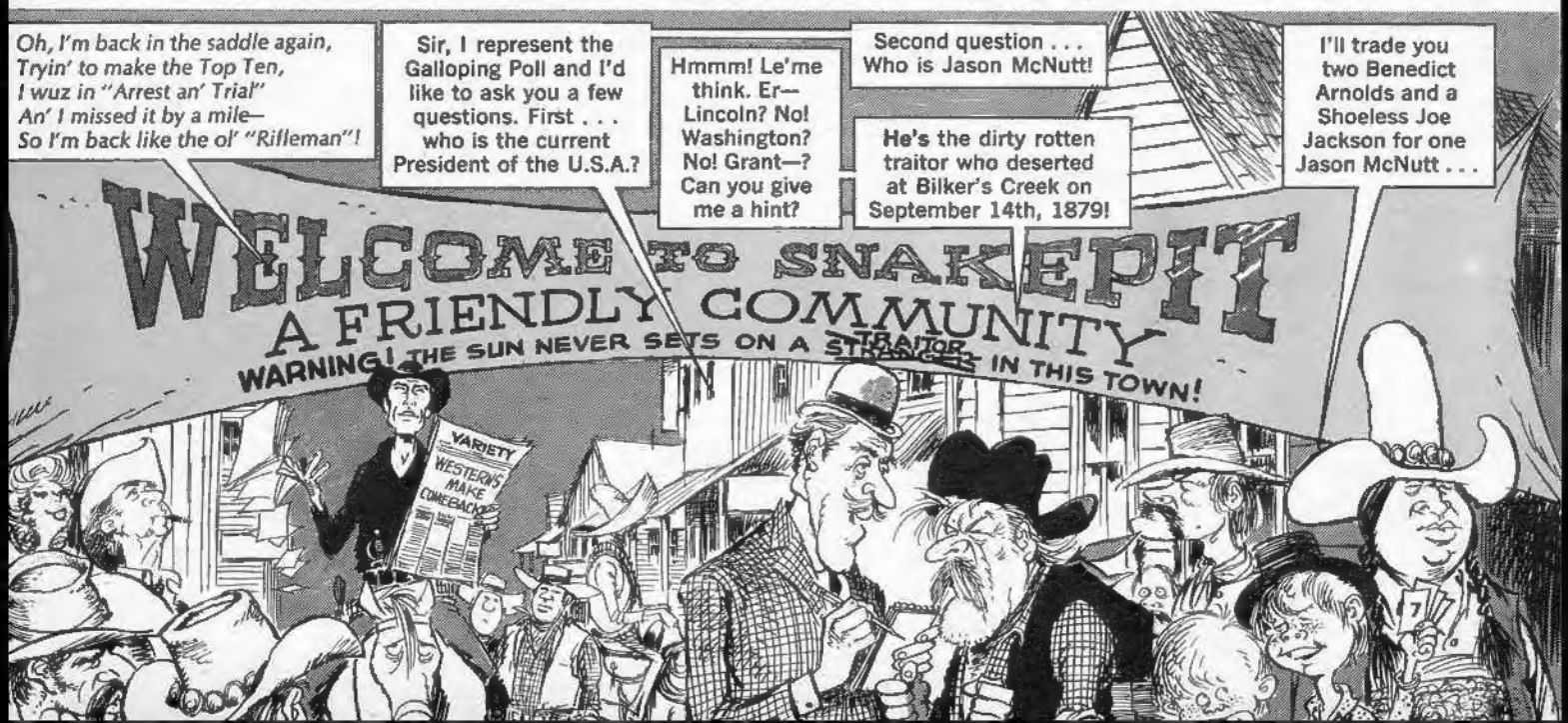
UP-CHUCK DEPT.

Every week, Chuck Conman rides across our TV screens, trying desperately to prove something. As Captain Jason McNutt, the sole survivor of the battle of Bilkers Creek, who has been found guilty of cowardice and dishonorably discharged, Chuck tries desperately to prove that he can act. Here then is:

BRANDED

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Sir, could you direct me to the Unemployment Office . . . ?

You lookin' for work? Maybe I can use you at the ranch. What can you do?

Well, I can ride broncos, outdraw any gunslinger and build a fire by rubbing two sticks together. I'm a Black Belt Karate expert, I dabble in psychiatry, medicine, the law—

You'll do! What's your name, stranger?

McNutt. Jason, ex-Capt., U.S. Army, D.D.—

POW!

You know what that was for, McNutt? I lost a son at Bilkers Creek!

Didn't everybody?!

Now, about that job—

You have the nerve to ask me for a job? Get out of my sight, you yellow-bellied coward!

Wait a minute, McNutt!

Maybe there is something you can do for me. I'd like you to talk to my other son. I want him to be a soldier . . . It's a family tradition with us Kilroys! . . . and he wants to be a dress designer . . .

I really don't know how I can help your son, Mr. Kilroy.

I'll level with you, McNutt. The boy is not well-liked, and I figure that a man like yourself, who is universally hated and despised, would know what to say to him. Er—would you mind going in the back way in case my neighbors are watching?

BOONDOCK RANCH

Hello, Dad—

Is that any way to talk to your father, boy?

Sorry! I forgot!

Robert E. Lee Kilroy reporting, Sir!

That's better! Son, this is Jason McNutt!

Hi, there!

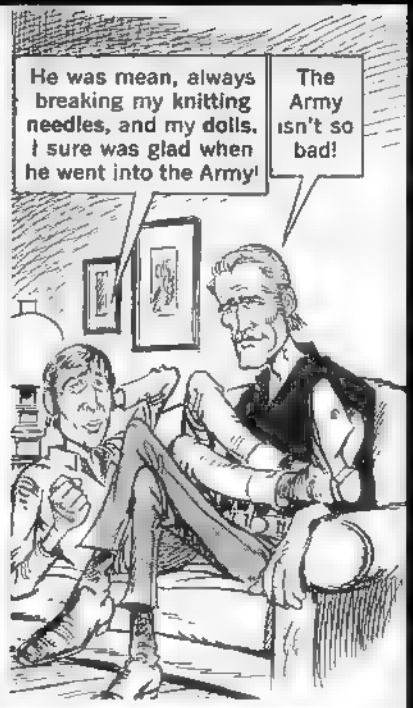
I said his name was McNUTT!

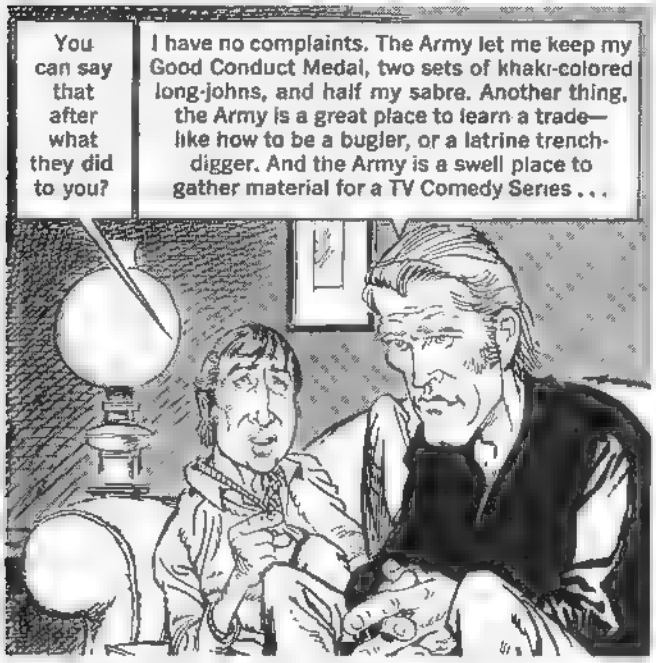
Pleased to meet you, Mr. McNutt!

POW!

You idiot! He's Capt. McNutt of Bilker's Creek!
See what I mean, McNutt? After what you did to his brother, he should want to kill you!
You? You're the man responsible for my brother, Wellington's—
I'm afraid so, son!

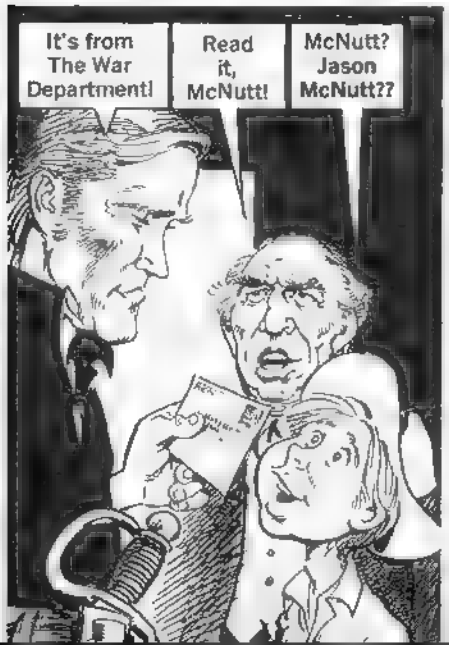
I'm VERY pleased to meet you, sir. I never could stomach that brother of mine. He was always Papa's favorite.
Tell me about it, boy—


He was mean, always breaking my knitting needles, and my dolls. I sure was glad when he went into the Army!
The Army isn't so bad!

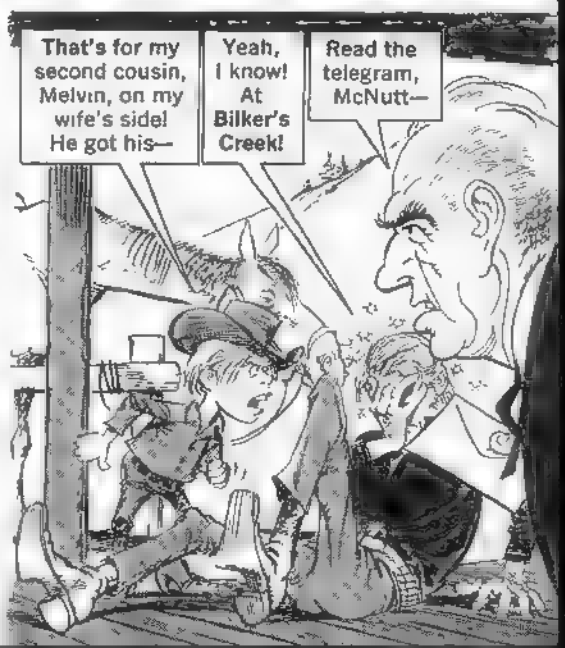

You can say that after what they did to you?
I have no complaints. The Army let me keep my Good Conduct Medal, two sets of khaki-colored long-johns, and half my sabre. Another thing, the Army is a great place to learn a trade—like how to be a bugler, or a latrine trench-digger. And the Army is a swell place to gather material for a TV Comedy Series . . .

Look at it this way, son: If you enlist in the Army, you'll get away from your dear old Dad!
Where's the Recruiting Office.!

Well, Mr. Kilroy, your son is a soldier now!
Blood will tell every time, McNutt!
Telegram for Col. Irving Kilroy, Retired—


It's from The War Department!
Read it, McNutt!
McNutt? Jason McNutt??

POW!


That's for my second cousin, Melvin, on my wife's side! He got his—
Yeah, I know! At Bilker's Creek!
Read the telegram, McNutt—

It's your son, Robert E. Lee! He . . . He's—

Was it the Redskins?

No, he was run over by a chuck wagon. But it really doesn't matter. He was a soldier!

You're right. He died like a Kilroy, with his boots on. I'd like to shake your hand, McNutt, but some of my cowpokes may be watching, so all I can say is: Thanks . . . and get off my ranch, you dirty, rotten traitor!

THE SHADOW
THE LONE RANGER
TONTO
NICK CARTER
THE GREEN HORNET
JACK ARMSTRONG
THE GOOD OLD HEROES

Hi! I'm Mary McCalls from "Reader's Digest." I've been assigned to do a story on you for our new series, "Profiles in Cowardice," so if you don't mind, I'll just tag along and make notes. You won't even know I'm around.

Be my guest, Ma'am, and—

POW

Hey, how come your horse kicked me?

She lost a colt at Bilker's Creek!

Run for your lives! It's El Baccala and his band of hairy men!

Why are you running? Call the Sheriff!

I AM the Sheriff!

What's the matter with your men? Stand up to this outlaw!

You stand up to him, McNutt! You've got nothing to lose! You're now a Deputy!

Hold on, you men! You're under arrest!

On what charge?

It's against a City Ordinance to do Banking Business on a Sunday!

McNutt, I've been thinking. Wouldn't it be more logical for you to change your name and grow a beard so people wouldn't recognize you?

What? And cover my jutting, dimpled chin? Never!

ATIONAL
BAN

Then people would miss my most dramatic acting—when I twitch my jaw muscles! Besides, with my reputation, I have to prove I'm a man!
So prove!
Ma'am, this is a family type program and I must establish my manhood according to accepted TV standards of good taste—
—like shooting . . .
. . . and stabbing . . .
. . . and beating up on people!
Well, you got 'em, Deputy McNutt . . . and now you're fired—for littering the streets! Get out of town! You're a disgrace to that badge, you dirty coward!
I hope you got your story, Ma'am!
McNutt! Tell me the truth. What REALLY happened that day at Bilker's Creek . . . ?
Well, Ma'am—there was this one-armed Indian . . .
Forget it, McNutt! I used that "one-armed" bit, and the jury didn't believe me either! I should have made up a better story!
Hey, it's "The Fugitive!" You mean to tell me you made up that story? You mean to say you really killed your wife?
Yep! I couldn't stand the old goat. She was always nagging me about Medicare and Socialized Medicine—so I croaked her!
Hah! Wanna hear a good one? I really ran like a scared rabbit at Bilker's Creek!
You know, we're lucky that "TV Lawyers" have undermined the public's faith in justice so well! Clean-cut suffering types like us are always innocent, no matter what the jury says. It could only happen in America!
You're so right! Where else could a convicted murderer and a traitor-coward have their own TV shows?
McQ DRUCKER

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY DEPT.

Back in the good old days, when the human herd was still headed in the right direction, winning friends was considered a downright nuisance, and influencing people was recognized as a sure-fire short-cut into an even worse mess. Dale Carnegie changed all that by convincing us that we had to do both at the same time if we expected to rise above the plodding, slovenly, unrecognized finks and enter the ranks of the dynamic, yet beloved executive finks. Today, home study self-improvement courses are available to the aspiring clod in almost every field of endeavor. We say "almost" because it has been left to MAD to fill the most crying need . . . with this home study guide offering vital tips to those who have their hearts set on . . . . .

ACHIEVING PERSONAL SUCCESS IN CRIME

ANOTHER MAD HOME-STUDY COURSE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Lesson I.

Making That Indelible First Impression

All too often, the aspiring young criminal fails to realize the importance of making a dynamic, positive impression during his initial call on a victim. Idle dreams of a profitable career in bank robbery rarely achieve fruition for those unwilling to put forth the extra effort needed to build up a regular territory of cooperative tellers who always remember to set aside a few dollars for you on collection day.

Many elderly failures still follow the time-worn procedure of slinking into a bank armed only with a grubby anonymous note demanding cash and an unimpressive .32 calibre automatic. Small wonder that they are not even recognized when they call again hoping for repeat business. How much more forward-looking it is on that initial visit to flash a winning smile, offer your hand in a warm, firm clasp, and make a lasting impression with some heartfelt greeting such as, "How do you do. I'm awfully glad to know you! My name is Raunchy L. Fagin, and I'd like to take just a moment of your time to rob your bank."

Lesson IV.

Prepare For That Big Appointment In Advance

An hour spent in research before keeping an important appointment with a victim may spell the difference between success and failure. On occasion, it may even save you from spending the next 20 years in stir.

In this era of specialization, a mere working knowledge of the basic fundamentals is not enough to insure your rise to the top. Today's astute crime-victim rightfully expects you to know the specifics of your chosen branch of the industry before he will regard you as a professional.

Quite often, adequate preparation in even so complex a field as counterfeiting may be achieved with surprising ease. A few moments of research in any bank or branch library is sufficient to familiarize you with the facts that you shouldn't have put Harold Stassen's picture on the $10 bill, and that green would have been a better choice of ink color. The more technical aspects of the subject, such as how your activities will throw the national economy out of whack, can, of course, wait until you have put several billion dollars into circulation.

However, even as a trainee seeking to pass the stuff on the local level, you will find there is no substitute for advance preparation when you are confronted with embarrassing interview questions posed by neighborhood merchants with whom you hope to establish a business relationship.

Lesson II.

The Vital Role Of A Neat Personal Appearance

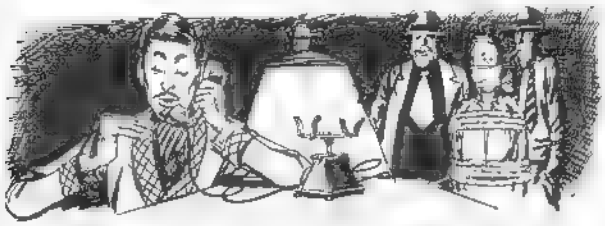
Certainly, there is more truth than poetry in the old saying, "Clothes make the crook." Unfortunately, many beginners hoping to reach the top in cat burglary and allied professions fail to realize the importance of neat, conservative attire in making a favorable impression on their victims.

This factor is especially vital in the early stages of your career when clumsiness on the job still creates sufficient racket to awaken most householders, and a personal interview results. Needless to say, no business prospect likes to switch on the lights at 3 A.M. and be confronted by a sloppy burglar.

The initial meeting will be far more successful if you select a conservative business suit, a sincere necktie and well-polished sneakers for the caper. With luck, your appearance may even be sufficiently professional to convince the gullible victim that you're a doctor making a house call in the wrong apartment.

Lesson III.

Your Telephone Personality



With more and more busy underworld figures relying upon the telephone for urgent transactions, the development of an effective phone personality has become of increasing importance to the ambitious young hood. Bookies and protection collectors have found that the ability to project the proper image by phone is often as satisfactory as a personal call, or even going for a little ride when it comes to handling over-due accounts.

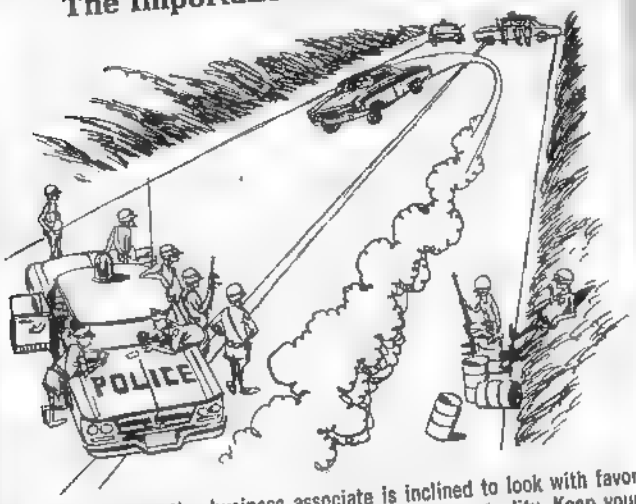
Perhaps no branch of the criminal industry has come to depend upon proper telephone techniques more than kidnapping. The old-fashioned ransom note laboriously composed of words clipped from newspapers is now a virtually forgotten legend of the past, and the young punk who can only handle a pair of scissors may well find himself being laughed out of the business.

In greatest demand today is the contact man possessing a well modulated telephone voice which clearly implies that he means business, but which need not rise to the level of a maniacal screech to emphasize the point. The ability to deliver an ominous warning without sounding so psycho that the kidnap victim is immediately given up for lost may prove invaluable in closing a profitable deal.

Practice achieving this technique by calling your friends and making ominous demands for ransom payment. They may be confused, since no one they know has been kidnapped, but the training will enable you to develop a telephone voice that will sound a little less panic-stricken later on when you're asking for $250,000 and expecting to get the hot seat instead.

Lesson V.

The Importance Of Punctuality



No prospective business associate is inclined to look with favor upon an aspiring crook who lacks the trait of punctuality. Keep your appointments! Get there on time! Without complete mastery of this simplest of self-disciplines, all of your technical skills and general qualities of leadership may go for naught.

Needless to say, a lackadaisical attitude toward the keeping of appointments is felt most keenly in cooperative group endeavors where any deviation from precision timing may result in a monumental loss of productive man-hours, even with time off for good behavior. As your colleagues undoubtedly will inform you later, it just isn't good business for a getaway car driver to arrive for a 3:17 appointment at a little after 5.

Work hard to develop the habit of punctuality which your profession demands. If need be, don't hesitate to venture outside your specific branch of the criminal field to seek help. Go steal an alarm clock.

Lesson VI.

Voice Projection

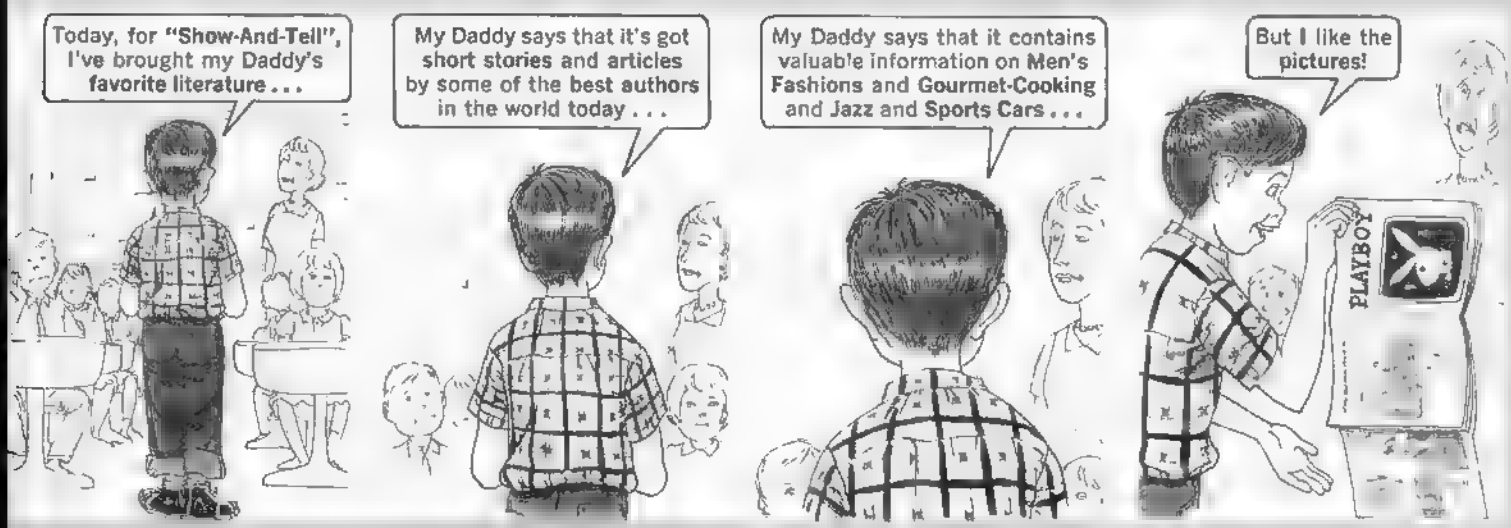
In any branch of the business world, nothing marks a man for failure more rapidly than a weak, indecisive, hesitant manner of speech. The ability to project your voice reflects a dynamic inner conviction which causes the listener to accept even the most ridiculous things you say as proven fact.

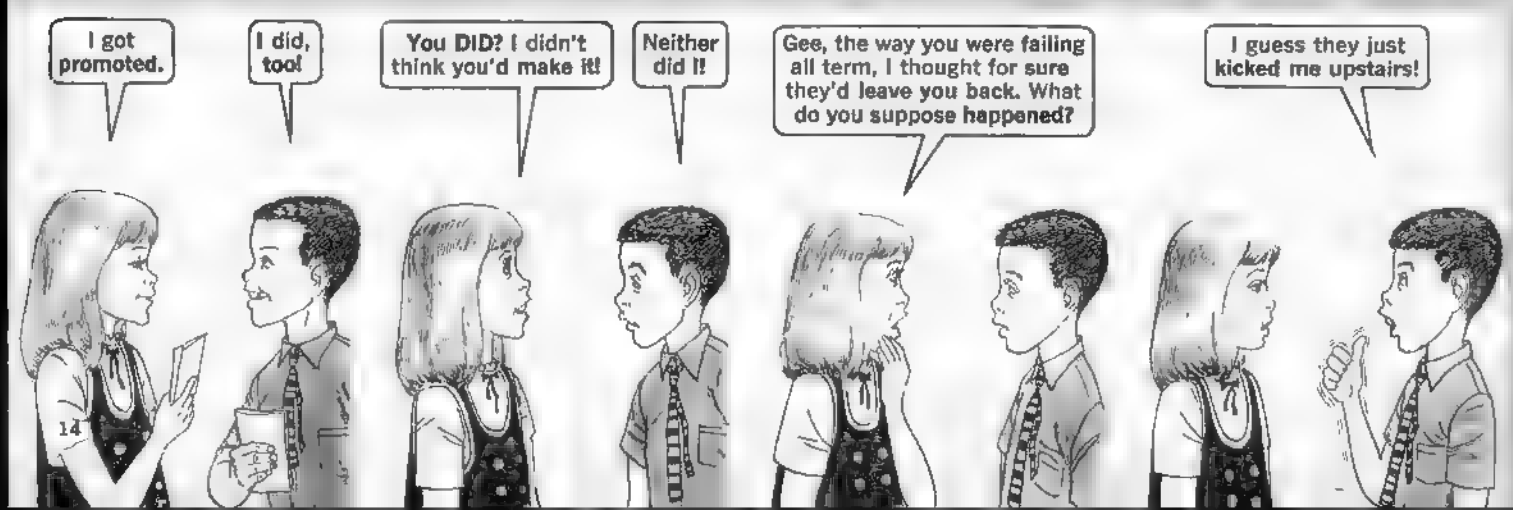
Perhaps nowhere is the talent for projecting the voice with authority more vital to success than in the field of crime. Many young punks still in the process of saving up for their first roscoe have pulled off successful jobs merely by shouting, "Stick 'em up!" loud enough while waving a pipe cleaner, a swizzle stick, or even a wet strand of spaghetti under the victim's nose. By the same token, police records in Winona, Minn., cite the case of a hold-up man armed with a 50-megaton bomb who failed to get a peanut-vending machine to surrender its day's receipts simply because he mumbled unconvincingly.

Surely, the importance of authoritative voice projection is self evident. An hour a day spent practice-screaming at friends will prove well worth your time. However, if you already are a member of an organized mob, don't try it on the boss. Keeping you around may not prove well worth his time.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... ĕl′ē·mĕ sch





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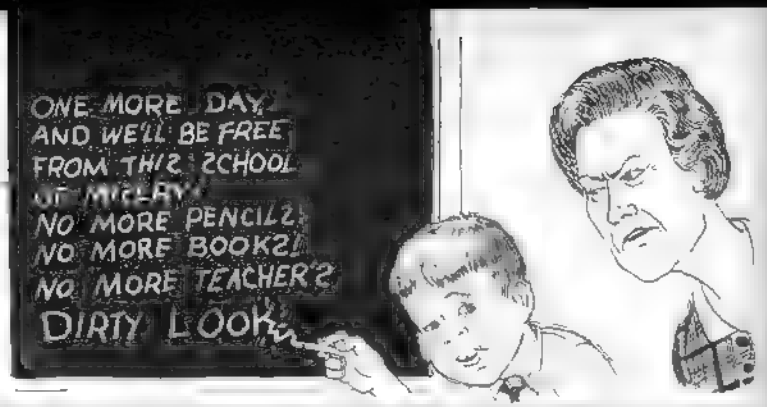
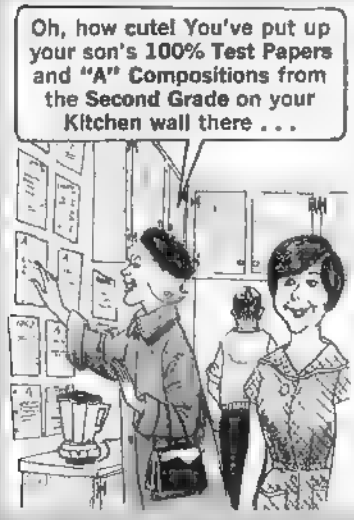
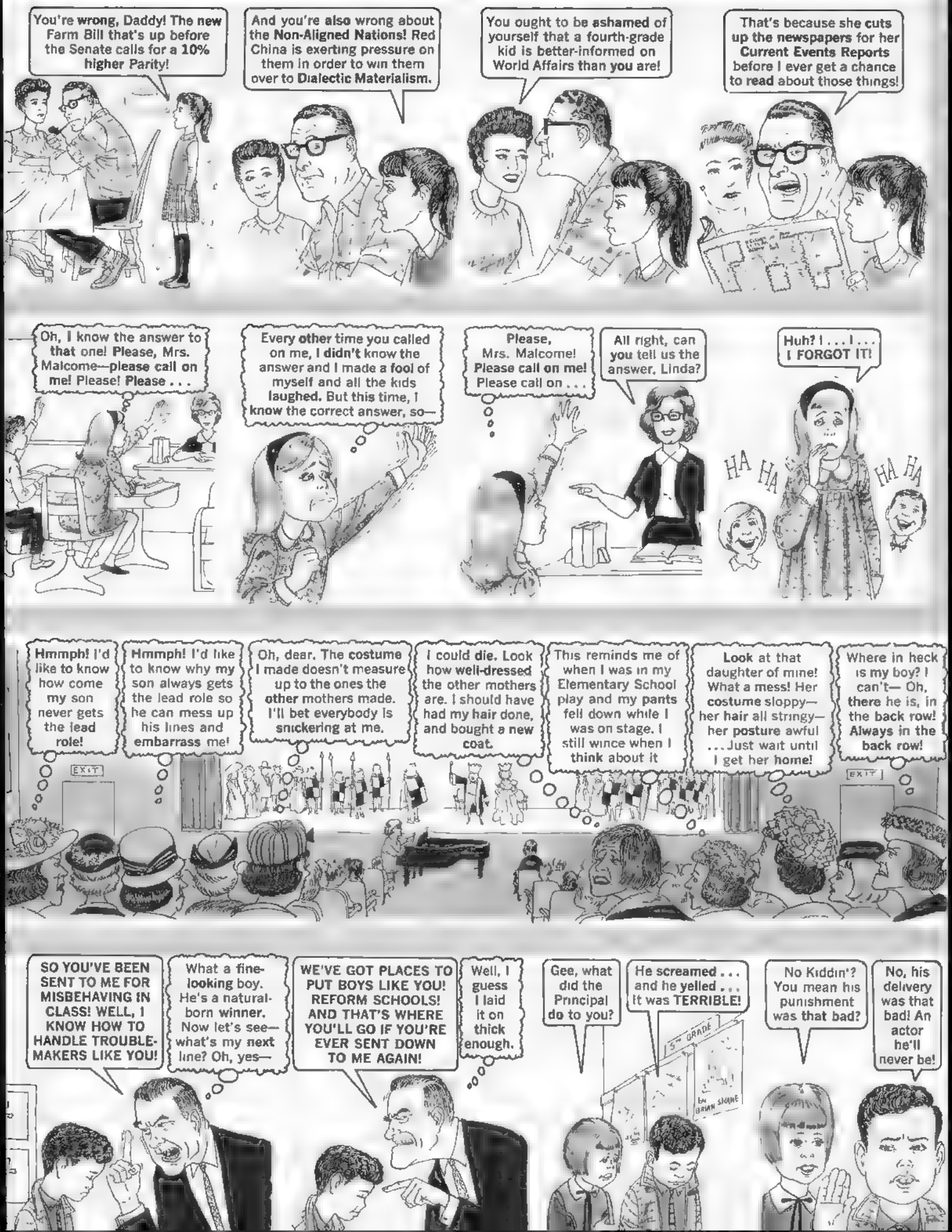
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





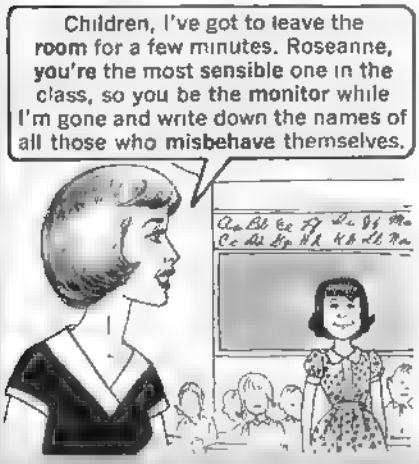

You're wrong, Daddy! The new Farm Bill that's up before the Senate calls for a 10% higher Parity!
And you're also wrong about the Non-Aligned Nations! Red China is exerting pressure on them in order to win them over to Dialectic Materialism.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself that a fourth-grade kid is better-informed on World Affairs than you are!
That's because she cuts up the newspapers for her Current Events Reports before I ever get a chance to read about those things!
Oh, I know the answer to that one! Please, Mrs. Malcome—please call on me! Please! Please . . .
Every other time you called on me, I didn't know the answer and I made a fool of myself and all the kids laughed. But this time, I know the correct answer, so—
Please, Mrs. Malcome! Please call on me! Please call on . . .
All right, can you tell us the answer, Linda?
Huh? I . . . I . . . I FORGOT IT!
HA HA
HA HA
Hmmph! I'd like to know how come my son never gets the lead role!
Hmmph! I'd like to know why my son always gets the lead role so he can mess up his lines and embarrass me!
Oh, dear. The costume I made doesn't measure up to the ones the other mothers made. I'll bet everybody is snickering at me.
I could die. Look how well-dressed the other mothers are. I should have had my hair done, and bought a new coat.
This reminds me of when I was in my Elementary School play and my pants fell down while I was on stage. I still wince when I think about it
Look at that daughter of mine! What a mess! Her costume sloppy—her hair all stringy—her posture awful . . . Just wait until I get her home!
Where in heck is my boy? I can't— Oh, there he is, in the back row! Always in the back row!
EXIT
EXIT
SO YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO ME FOR MISBEHAVING IN CLASS! WELL, I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE TROUBLE-MAKERS LIKE YOU!
What a fine-looking boy. He's a natural-born winner. Now let's see—what's my next line? Oh, yes—
WE'VE GOT PLACES TO PUT BOYS LIKE YOU! REFORM SCHOOLS! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL GO IF YOU'RE EVER SENT DOWN TO ME AGAIN!
Well, I guess I laid it on thick enough.
Gee, what did the Principal do to you?
He screamed . . . and he yelled . . . It was TERRIBLE!
5th GRADE
BY BRIAN SHANE
No Kiddin'? You mean his punishment was that bad?
No, his delivery was that bad! An actor he'll never be!

Doctor, what's wrong with him?
He's got what we call the "Six-Hour Virus". It's very common this time of year.

Really? I never heard of it. Is it serious?
Not at all! In fact . . .

. . . at exactly three fifteen, he should be up and around, feeling much better.
How can you pin-point the time to the minute?

That's when school will be over!


Children, I've got to leave the room for a few minutes. Roseanne, you're the most sensible one in the class, so you be the monitor while I'm gone and write down the names of all those who misbehave themselves.

That's Tim Yaloff—and Doris Robinson—and Chris Rambadt—and Susan Oakes—and Richard Price—and Deborah Sokel—and . . .

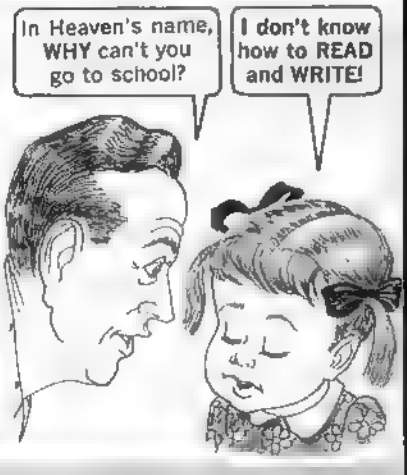
All right for you, Tattletale!
You can't come to my party, Snitcher!
You can forget about sleeping over my house this week-end!
Wait'll I get you after school, you Fink!

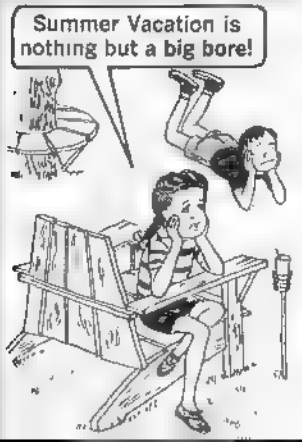
Mrs. Monahan is right! I AM the most sensible one in the class!
RIP

I'd like to thank the parents for coming to see our little play. I'm sure you all enjoyed it!

My goodness, do you realize what a big girl you are? You're ready to start school!
I can't go to school!

Of course you can go to school. You're old enough, and I pay my taxes, and . . .
I still can't go!


In Heaven's name, WHY can't you go to school?
I don't know how to READ and WRITE!

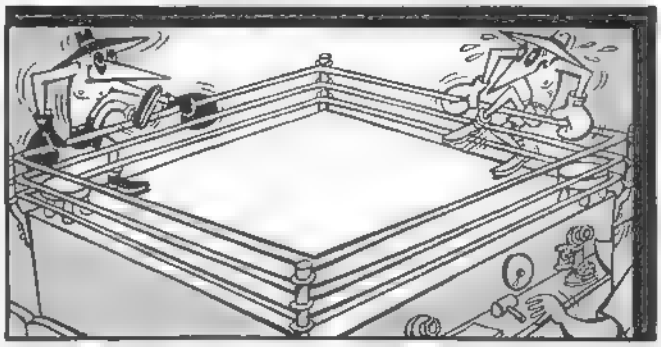

Summer Vacation is nothing but a big bore!

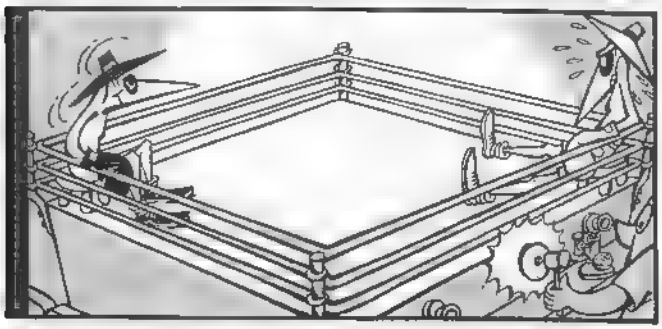
I can't wait for school to start again!
What are you, some kind of nut?

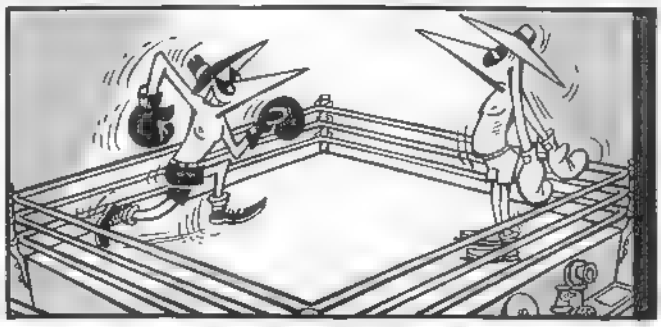
At least, when we're going to school, we've got something to look forward to!
Yeah? Like what?

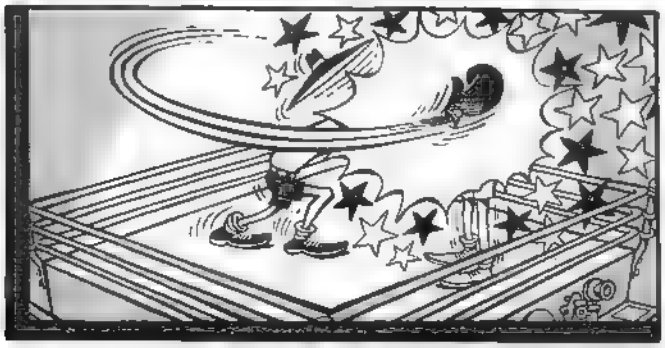
Summer Vacation!

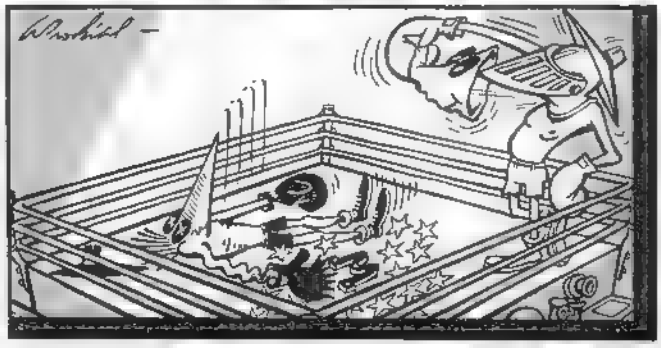
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I











ECCHTRA, ECCHTRA! HEAVE ALL ABOUT IT! DEPT.

Have you ever wondered what happens to all the news that's *not* fit to print in The New York Times . . . or any other decent newspaper, for that matter? Well, it's all gathered up weekly in a rag called

NATIONAL PERSPIRER

THE WORLD'S SLIMIEST PAPER

★$%*8?! FEATURE 15c

Vol. Yecch, No. Gaakkk, June 5, 1966

BLONDE BOMBSHELL REVEALS:

I WAS TORTURED FOR EIGHT YEARS BY A DEMENTED HUNCHBACK WITH BAD BREATH NAMED HAROLD, BUT WE'RE NOT GETTING MARRIED ...WE'RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS

ARTIST : AL JAFFEE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Man Beats Wife To Death With Cooked Cauliflower

For sixteen weeks, Herbert Woodward, of Zanesville, Ohio, had been savagely beating his wife, Gloria, with a cooked cauliflower. And last Tuesday, he finally succeeded in killing her.

"It was a very slow, painful, brutal death," confessed Woodward when they found him with the still warm, but soft and crumbling cauliflower in his trembling hand. "I swear I'll never do anything like that again!"

Next week, Woodward plans to start beating his new wife, Selma, with a *raw* cauliflower.

SHOW-OFF: Herbert Woodward holds weapon with which he brutally murdered his wife.

Chops Off His Fiancee's Head Because She Was Taller Than He

CHOP LOUIE: Louis Ebbs demonstrates how he found the answer to his height problem.

Five-foot-three-inch Louis Ebbs, of Duluth, Minnesota, had always been annoyed by the fact that his girl, Cynthia Jukes, was taller than he. So last week, Louie decided to do something about it. He chopped her head off.

When he was finished, the blushing Ebbs, whose nickname is "Clumsy," said, "Oops, that's one on me. I really meant to chop off her legs, but I guess my aim was bad."

* * *

(If any of you readers have had an experience like this, send it to: "Embarrassing Moments" c/o the PERSPIRER.)

Father Not Concerned About Caterpillar Son

Relatives and friends of 4-year-old David Alvin Zibindin, of Ottawa, Canada, are upset because the boy was born with all the features of a caterpillar. But the child's father, Selig, is not the least bit worried.

"It's nothing to be concerned about," Selig Zibindin told a reporter from the PERSPIRER in an exclusive interview.

"He'll outgrow it, just as I did when I was his age!"

And then, to signify that the interview was at an end, Selig flapped his butterfly wings and flew away.

President Johnson Expects Balanced Budget In 1966

President Lyndon B. Johnson announced in Washington today that—

* * *

Thus ran the headline and first three lines of the last news story ever written by PERSPIRER reporter Elwood Gibbons, who was brutally hacked to bits by PERSPIRER Managing Editor, Arnold Schlock this morning.

"That's the last time Gibbons will ever try to sneak a legitimate news story into this paper!" Schlock told the staff.

Puts TV Dinner To Bed And Then Eats His Son

Professor Henry Peckle, of Southwestern Azalea College, in Terre Haute, Indiana, is so wrapped up in his life's study, Medieval Plumbing, that he often does not know what he's doing around the house.

Last Friday evening, Professor Peckle absentmindedly tucked his TV Dinner into bed, and then ate his son, Lance.

When Professor Peckle and his wife, Dill, went to church on Sunday to light a candle for their late son, the distraught Professor sobbed, "Now, all I have is you, my dear."

Whereupon he kissed the candle tenderly, and then set fire to the top of his wife's head.

8-Year-Old Girl Gives Birth To 14-Year-Old Boy

At Westland General Hospital in Yellowfoot, North Dakota, last Saturday, 8-year-old Joannie Pfeffer gave birth to a 14-year-old boy.

When asked by the PERSPIRER to explain how it is possible for a 14-year-old boy to be born, obstetrician John Philips Suett shrugged his shoulders and said, "You never know *what* these teenagers today are going to do next!"

EXTRA SPECIAL DELIVERY: Joannie Pfeffer proudly feeds her new 14-year-old baby boy.

NATIONAL PERSPIRER

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SELFISHIO POOP, Publisher.
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National Perspirer "Victim of the Year" Tells How:

I Was Flogged For 912 Straight Hours By A Crazed Albanian Dwarf—Setting A New NATIONAL PERSPIRER Record

By PHOEBE OSTERMEYER

As a Free-Lance Torture Victim for the NATIONAL PERSPIRER, I must admit that, at the beginning, everything seemed to go wrong on the morning of February 11th. As I was taking out the garbage from my home in Provo, Utah, I was kidnapped by a sandy-haired, unemployed Employment Office clerk named Irwin, who took me to a cave.

"I'm going to do you a favor," said Irwin, breaking eight bones in my wrist. "I'm going to torture you—and then you can sell the exclusive story to the PERSPIRER and make a bundle of cash.

"Do you think that for one moment the PERSPIRER would buy this story?" I laughed. "Look at you. Why, you're nothing but a sandy-haired unemployed Employment Office clerk."

"So what's wrong with that?" he asked, setting fire to the straws jammed under my fingernails.

"Don't you see, you fool?" I explained. "You're too *normal!* The PERSPIRER reader only likes to read stories about *freaks!*"

"Look, look," Irwin cried desperately, bending his right thumb all the way back to his wrist. "I'm double-jointed!"

"And you think that makes you a freak?" I laughed again. "Forget it, Mac. The PERSPIRER won't buy this story no matter what you do to me!"

But talking to Irwin was like talking to a wall. Here's what he did to me in that cave:

- He broke 272 bones in my body in alphabetical order, starting with my coccyx and working his way down to my tibia.
- He played touch football with a hibernating bear who had insomnia, using me as the playing field.
- He replaced my brain with a rotten cabbage.
- He hollered on me.

While I am not normally a rude person, when Irwin was finished torturing me 24 hours later, I yawned in his face. "Sorry," I told him. "The PERSPIRER still won't buy it."

"Okay, you win," he shrugged. "I'll get my friend, Mr. Doppelkov."

He left the cave and returned a short while later with his friend, who was a crazed Albanian dwarf.

FLUKIE FOOTBALL: Phoebe's original abductor, Irwin, and unidentified insomniac bear play touch tackle on back of kidnapped girl, a torture device that wasn't counted in judges' "Victim Of The Year" decision.

HISTORIC MOMENT: Selfishio Poop, Publisher of the NATIONAL PERSPIRER, presents Phoebe Ostermeyer with coveted "Torture Victim of the Year" Award at the 12th Annual PERSPIRER Dinner.

"Now you're on the right track," I cried when I saw the dwarf. "But I've got news for you. I've already been tortured by a crazed Albanian dwarf. You can check the PERSPIRER of December 18th if you don't believe me."

"I believe you," pouted Irwin. "Why should you lie to me? I mean, after all, if you can't trust your own torture victim, who can you trust?" And then his face brightened. "But did that other Albanian dwarf have a hair-lip?" he grinned. "This one does!"

Naturally, the other dwarf had a hair-lip also—as a matter of fact, a much better one—but Irwin had gone to so much trouble, I just could't hurt his feelings any more. So I didn't mention it.

Well, that crazed Albanian dwarf began flogging me at 2:00 A.M. on February 13th, and I must admit that, at the beginning, he was a big nothing. I mean, I'd been flogged plenty of times before by much better floggers in incidents that never even made the PERSPIRER. But then, suddenly, along about March 4th, the three of us began to sense something big was happening. This flogging might just set a brand new non-stop PERSPIRER record! So we called up the PERSPIRER, and they sent over their Whipping Editor who personally witnessed the remaining eight days of my flogging. And the rest, as you know, is history.

Last week, along with 112 other "Victim Nominees," I was flown to the Dachau Mess Hall in Germany for the 11th Annual PERSPIRER Awards Dinner, where I was chosen "Torture Victim Of The Year."

There were tears in my eyes as I made my simple, yet effective acceptance speech: "I want to say that I couldn't have done all this alone. So I'd like to thank Irwin, and particularly Mr. Doppelkov, for working so tirelessly behind the scenes, mainly with that whip on my back. Thank you all, and bless you."

It was a beautiful ceremony, and afterwards, all the guests and nominees went up onto the stage. And with the Official Awards Orchestra, led by Rudolph Hess, playing in the background, we all flogged and clouted each other until dawn.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAGELLANT: Mr. Doppelkov, crazed Albanian dwarf, who was instrumental in setting a brand new PERSPIRER record.

SEE FOLLOW-UP STORY WITH BLOODY FOLLOW-UP PICTURES, PG. 28.

News Photo Of The Week

In keeping with our policy of presenting our readers with all the vital news in these troubled times, here is an exciting photograph of a jackal retching.

And So They Were Married

Chic freak Muriel Demmish marries sleek freak Ralph Gibson in Santa Fe, N.M. When asked what he thought would be the major adjustment they would have to make during the marriage, Gibson replied, "Resolving our religious differences."

Operates On Siamese Twins

Dr. Milton Gritz operates on Siamese twins, Donald and Ronald Arbutnut. Actually, Donald and Ronald were not Siamese twins before the operation, but had merely come to Dr. Gritz for Tonsillectomies and he had mistakenly sewn them together. A recent high school graduate, thanks to an ad he answered on a matchbook cover, Dr. Gritz was heard to chuckle after the operation: "I still can't get the hang of this profession."

You Name It

We don't know what this unrecognizable, disgusting, messy blob is, but when our photographer spied it in a cow pasture the other day, he just *knew* it was for the News Photo Page of the PERSPIRER. Any of you readers know what it is? We can assure you of one thing: It smells something awful!

MAILBOX

Letters to the Mailbox should be addressed to: Mailbox, NATIONAL PERSPIRER, Five-Star Flea Circus Building, Times Square, New York City, New York, and should be written in English. If you cannot write English, get somebody to write your letter for you. Letters made from type cut from this paper will be given special consideration.

Inquisitive

Can anyone tell me where I can get a small photograph of a rotting dog pancreas like the one I saw in last week's issue of the PERSPIRER. I'd like it for my wallet.—J. G., New Hyde Park, New York.

Holiday Spirit

I plan on indulging in a big three-hour Thanksgiving Day dinner come this November, and to insure my fully enjoying it, I would like to make arrangements with one of you PERSPIRER readers to come right over after it and give me a hard punch in the stomach.—A.B., Waco, Texas

A Friend In Need

Can anyone tell me what to do for a cleft palate. I don't have one now, but I'd sure *like* to have one. — Barney Judd, Tacoma, Washington

Blind Date, Anyone

I am a very lonely, midget-cretin, tattoed, bearded lady who would like to meet a nice PERSPIRER reader. I'll be standing under the clock in Grand Central Station in New York on Tuesday night at 9:30 P.M. You can't miss me. I'll be wearing a rose pinned to the empty sleeve of my blouse. —Y.L., Hoboken, New Jersey

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You only lose $8.60 over the regular newsstand price when you accept this subscription offer, but since most of you readers never got as far as the multiplication tables in school, you'll never realize it. Mail this coupon with $12.50 to:

NATIONAL PERSPIRER
Five-Star Flea Circus Building
Times Square, New York City

PLEASE PRINT (or draw primitive pictures)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME OF GUARDIAN OR ATTENDANT: _____

MY I.Q. IS: (check one) 31 ☐ 19 ☐ 8 ☐ 0 ☐ Lower ☐

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP Gun Owner? ☐

LOWDOWN & DIRTY

By Alex Finkman

Italian actress Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he made a pass at her . . . TV star John Kibosch doesn't know this yet, and neither do his doctors, but he's dying of cancer . . . Italian actress Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he didn't make a pass at her . . . Producer Ed McKay may deny this, but he's in the last stages of insanity and he has hemorrhoids . . . Italian actress Maria Cacciatore punched director Vito Fazzuli in the mouth because he likes to get punched in the mouth . . . I hate to get personal but I just heard that bandleader George Caldwell has no navel . . . Director Vito Fazzuli punched Italian actress Maria Cacciatore in the mouth because she punched him in the nose even though he told her he likes to get punched in the *mouth.* As we are going to press, actor Bill Adair is murdering his wife, Beatrice . . . Broadway playboy Mickey Eckerman may deny this, but he's going to have a massive coronary attack next week . . . Debutante Diane LaFarge told me on Fifth Avenue that she hasn't been feeling well lately, so she hasn't punched anybody in the mouth for over a week now. She was naked at the time, and her toe-nails were dirty. Actor Brad Billings is a fat, Commie-loving lush . . . TV writer Dave Klinger and his wife, Sue, are not speaking to each other. They're both deaf-mutes . . . Hollywood Motion Picture Studio tycoon Al Zinn may deny this, but he's been dead since last Wednesday . . . My closest friend, pianist Bob O'Donnell, thanked me the other day for never saying a nasty thing about him in print. He was picking his nose at the time . . . Actor Don Simpkins has a drinking problem. He got such a hard punch in the mouth last week that he can't drink . . . Nightclub songstress Jane Burley may deny this, but she's moonlighting as an axe murderess and she recently gave birth to a kangaroo . . . Actress Fran Conolly is a two-faced fink . . . Dancer Greg Farnum punched actress Fran Conolly in both her mouths last night . . . Degenerate actor Frank Gibbons may deny this, but he was picked up by the New York City police the other day for making love to the Statue of Liberty. I understand the George Washington Bridge is suing him for a divorce . . . Socialite Charles Drummond has a big mouth . . . It took eight punches for actress Nan Barnes to punch socialite Charles Drummond's whole mouth yesterday . . . Riverboat captain Ted Lovelace punched the Mississippi River in the mouth . . . Lassie pawed Flipper in the mouth . . .

FINKMAN

FRAN CONOLLY

FAZZULI and CACCIATORE

DON SIMPKINS

Sonny Liston wanted to punch a heckler in the mouth, but he didn't know how . . . While lip-synching a song at a party, Rock 'n' Roll singer Bobby Davis was thrown into the punch bowl. He mouthed the song in the punch.

I just carefully reread this column with all the lies and things I made up to fill it. So I went and punched myself in the mouth.

* * *

And HOW was YOUR week?

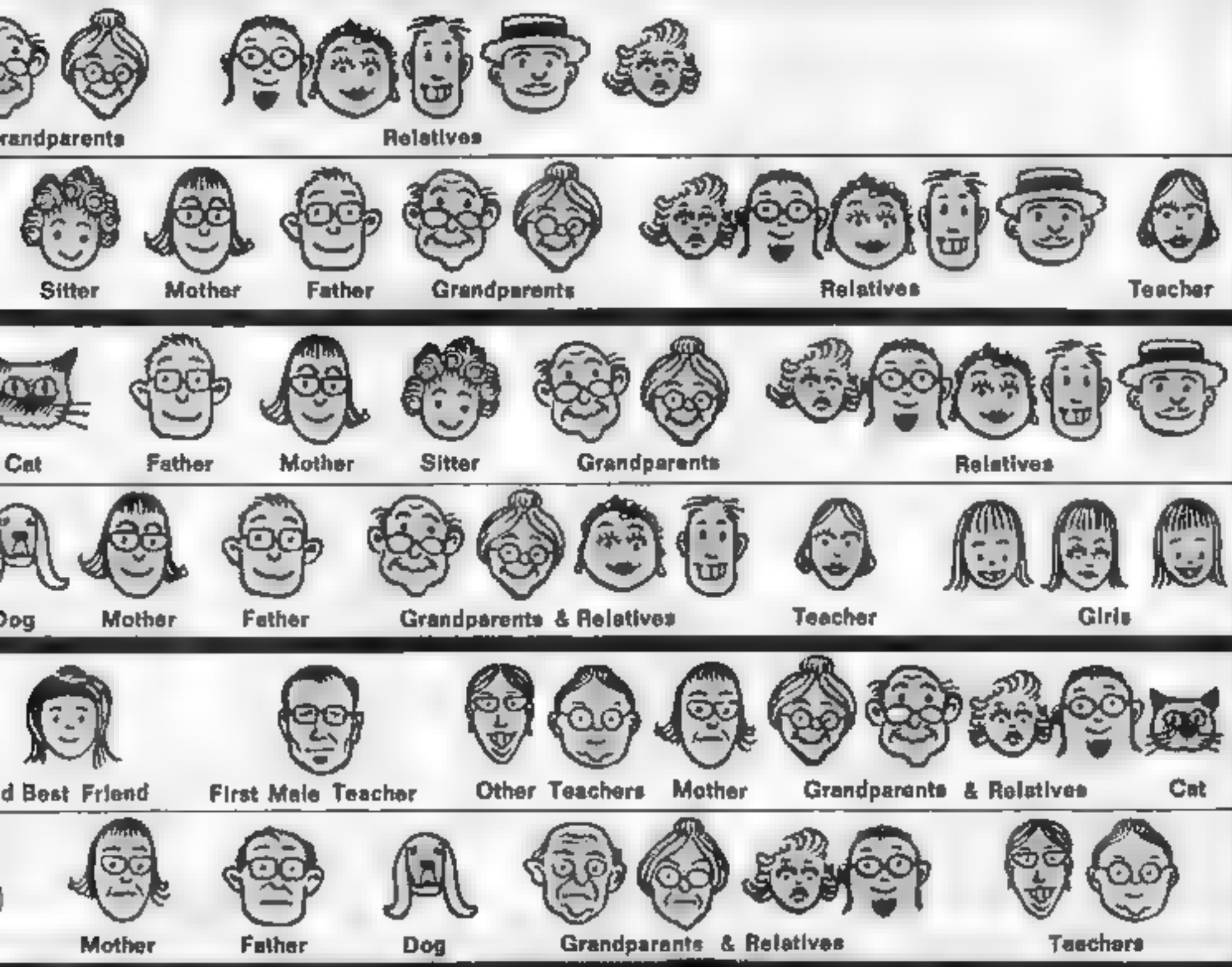
FLIPPER

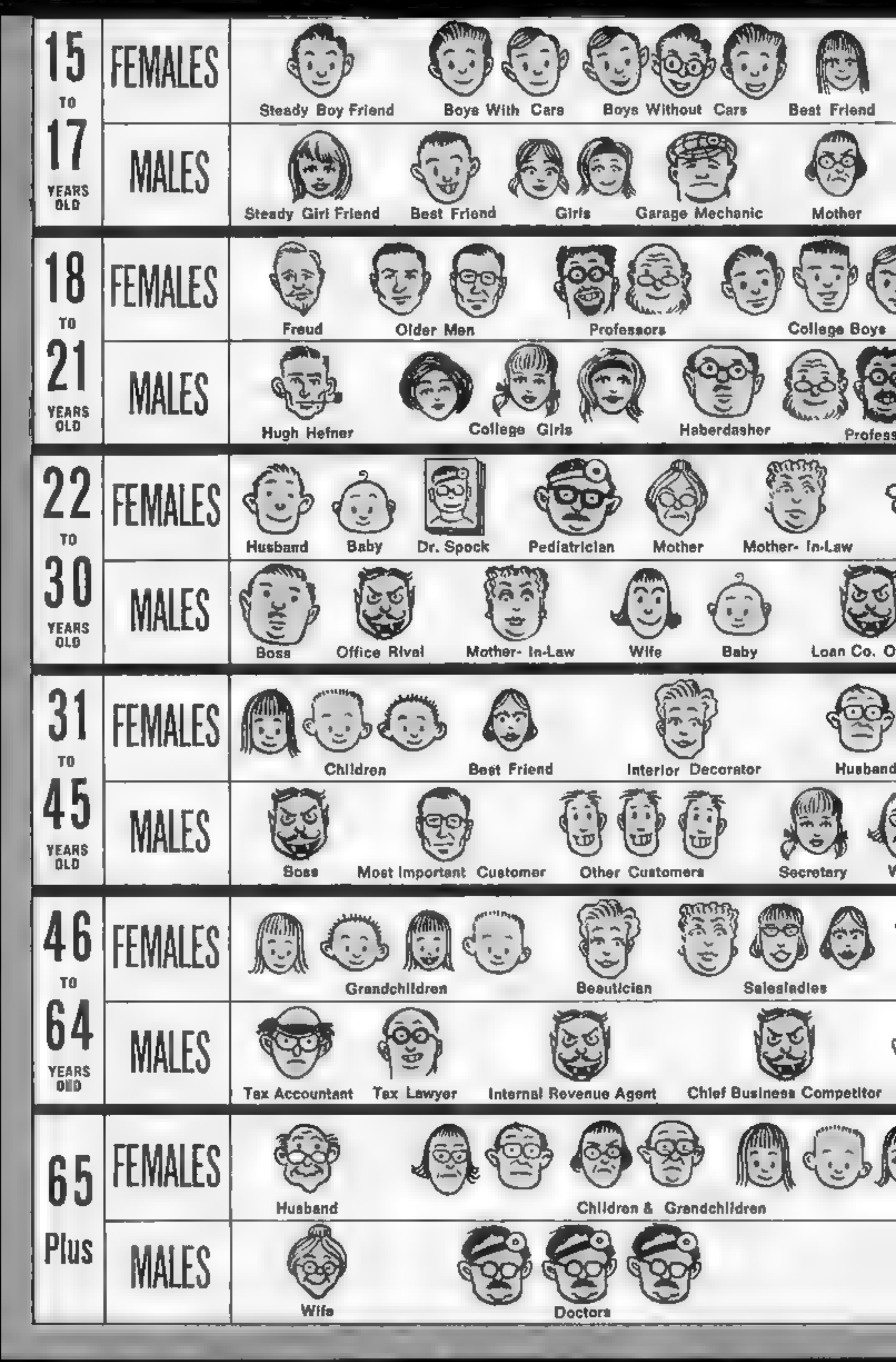
MAD'S "LIFETIME

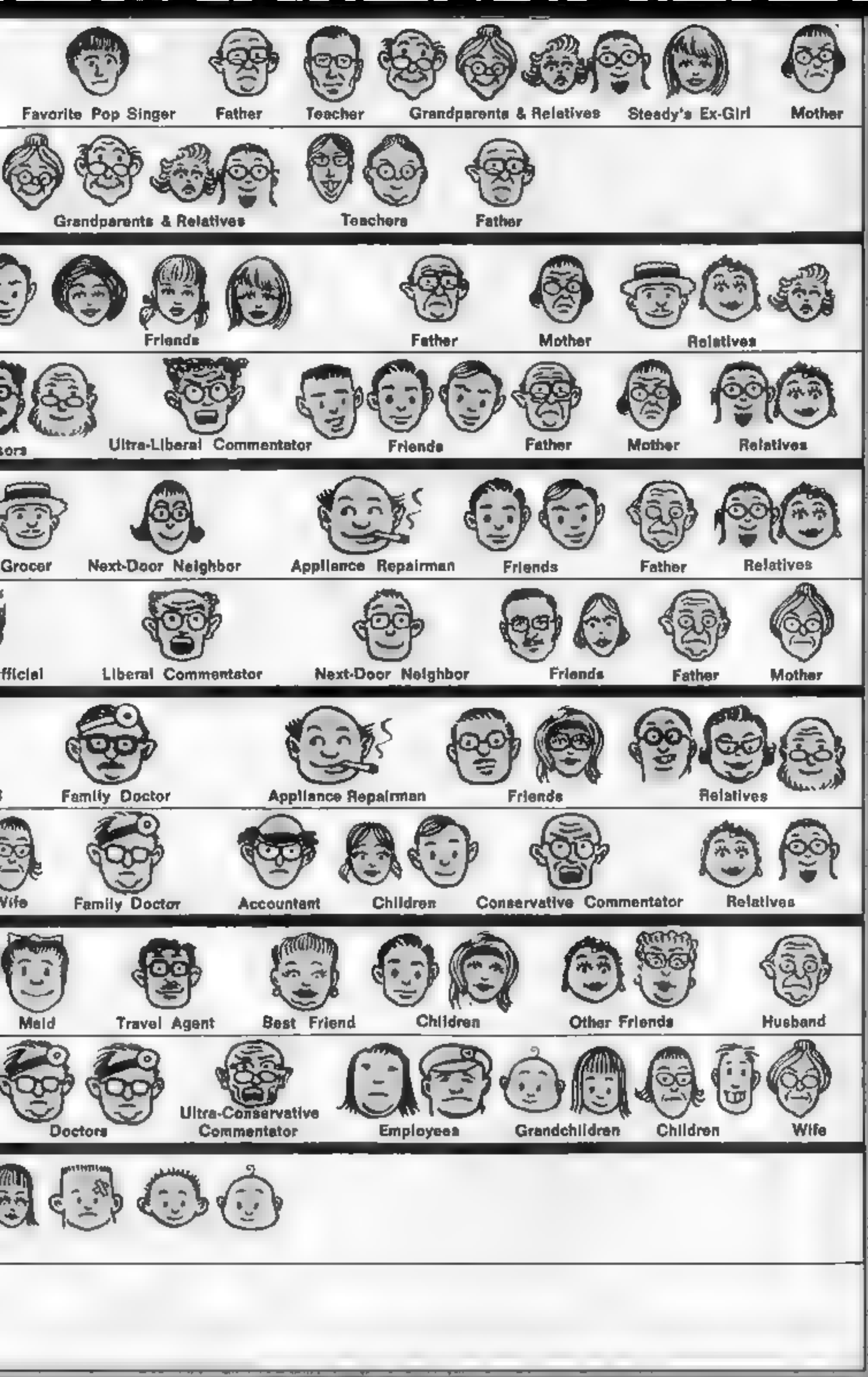
AGE	SEX	PEOPLE WHO AFFECT OUR
0 TO 2 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Mother, Pediatrician, Father
	MALES	Mother, Pediatrician, Father
3 TO 4 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Mother, Sitter, Pediatrician, Father
	MALES	Mother, Sitter, Pediatrician, Puppy, Father
5 TO 8 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Friend Next Door, Teacher, Sitter, Kitten, Mother, Father, G
	MALES	Friend Next Door, Frog, Favorite Cowboy Star, Cowboy Star's Horse, Dog
9 TO 11 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Best Friend, Worst Rival, Teacher, 2nd Best Friend, B
	MALES	Best Friend, Neighborhood Bully, Little League Coach, 2nd Best Friend, D
12 TO 14 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Best Friend, Boys, Favorite Pop Singer, Father, 2nd Best Friend, 3r
	MALES	Best Friend, Rest of Gang, Favorite ball Star, Girls

-PEOPLE" CHART

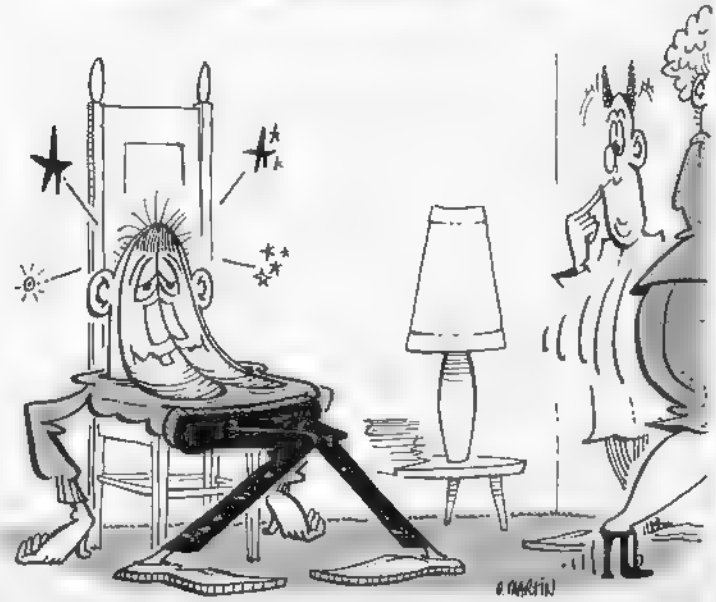
LIVES (IN ORDER OF IMPORTANCE!)




15 TO 17 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Steady Boy Friend
Boys With Cars
Boys Without Cars
Best Friend
MALES
Steady Girl Friend
Best Friend
Girls
Garage Mechanic
Mother
18 TO 21 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Freud
Older Men
Professors
College Boys
MALES
Hugh Hefner
College Girls
Haberdasher
Profess
22 TO 30 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Husband
Baby
Dr. Spock
Pediatrician
Mother
Mother- In-Law
MALES
Boss
Office Rival
Mother- In-Law
Wife
Baby
Loan Co. O
31 TO 45 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Children
Best Friend
Interior Decorator
Husband
MALES
Boss
Most Important Customer
Other Customers
Secretary
46 TO 64 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Grandchildren
Beautician
Salesladies
MALES
Tax Accountant
Tax Lawyer
Internal Revenue Agent
Chief Business Competitor
65 Plus
FEMALES
Husband
Children & Grandchildren
MALES
Wife
Doctors


Favorite Pop Singer
Father
Teacher
Grandparents & Relatives
Steady's Ex-Girl
Mother
Grandparents & Relatives
Teachers
Father
Friends
Father
Mother
Relatives
Ultra-Liberal Commentator
Friends
Father
Mother
Relatives
Grocer
Next-Door Neighbor
Appliance Repairman
Friends
Father
Relatives
Liberal Commentator
Next-Door Neighbor
Friends
Father
Mother
Family Doctor
Appliance Repairman
Friends
Relatives
Family Doctor
Accountant
Children
Conservative Commentator
Relatives
Maid
Travel Agent
Best Friend
Children
Other Friends
Husband
Doctors
Ultra-Conservative Commentator
Employees
Grandchildren
Children
Wife

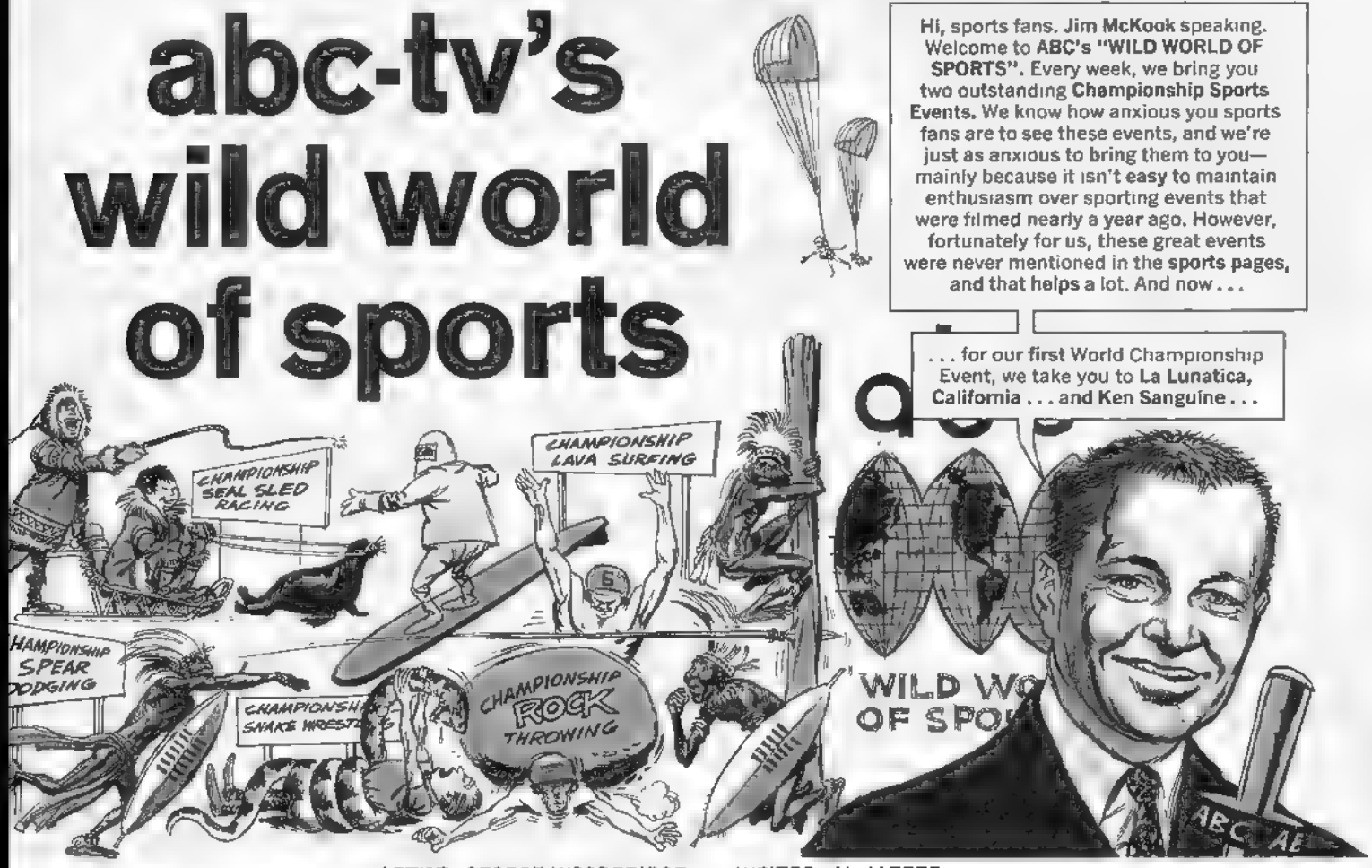
IN THE OPTOMETRIST'S WAITING ROOM



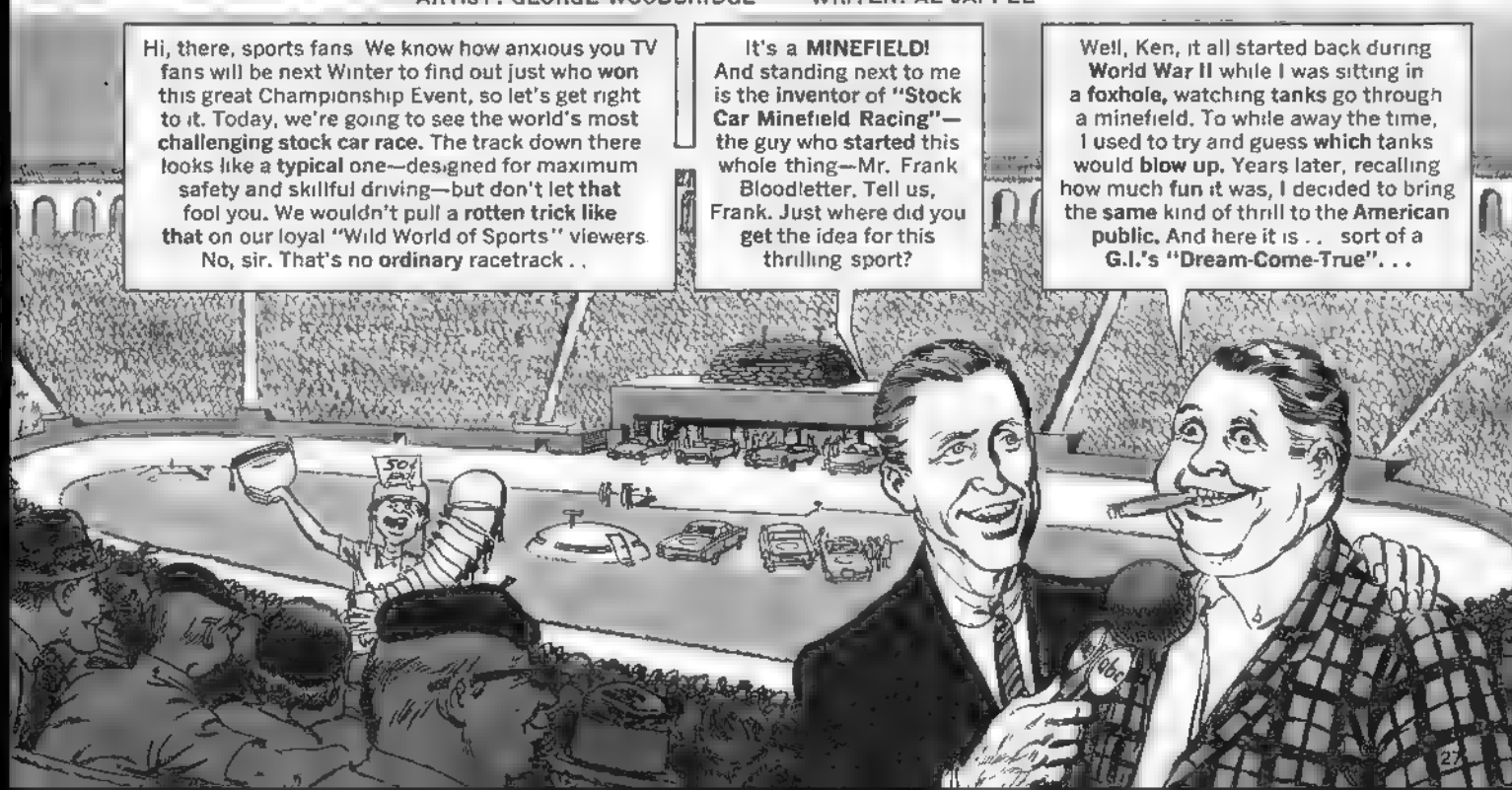
ATHLETE'S FEAT DEPT.

Every Saturday throughout the year, ABC-TV brings us some amazing televised Sports Events. What's amazing is why they bother to bring some of them to us in the first place. There are just so many "Championship" events during any one year, and since ABC-TV needs at least two each week, along about the end of the season, like f'rinstance in the dead of Winter, the pickings get to be pretty slim. So here we go with MAD's own version of a typical Mid-Winter, "slim-picking" edition of . . .

abc-tv's wild world of sports



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: AL JAFFEE



And only in exciting **California** could that dream come true. These "young-in-heart" people really go for thrilling sports. Here's where we've seen events like **"Championship Surfing Through Barnacle-Encrusted Pilings,"** **"Diving Into Shark-Infested Waters,"** and the ever-popular **"Motorcycling Up a 90° Hill Of Jagged Rock."** But now, let's go down to the pit, and **Marty Fiend—**

This is Marty Fiend, in the pit along with the twenty-odd drivers who'll be **competing** today. And they **really are "odd,"** folks. But I guess you have to be for **this** sport . . .

By the way, there's been a **new rule** added this year. It was put in to **improve the contest.** Mainly because **no driver would agree to compete** if **it wasn't.** This year, drivers will get a quick look at a **map locating the 1,500 land mines buried in the track.** And **there's the look . . .**

. . . and there goes the Starter's gun . . .

OOPS! We mean, there goes the **Starter!** Poor fellow . . . stepped on one of those mines . . .

While we're waiting for them to drag over **another** Starter—and they have **plenty** of them standing by for just such an emergency—let's go back to **Jim McKook . . .**

For our **second** World Championship Event, **ABC'S "WILD WORLD OF SPORTS"** now takes you to **Kopfshplatten, Austria,** and the **"Summer Skiing Championships,"** with **Bill Violence.** Take it away, Bill . . .

"Danke," Jim, as they say over here in Kopfshplatten. And hi, sports fans. Let me tell you about this great sport of **"Summer Skiing"** . . .

It started about a year ago. Since **skiing** is Kopfshplatten's **only industry,** the local businessmen hated to see the **Summers** wasted. So they came up with **this** brilliant idea . .

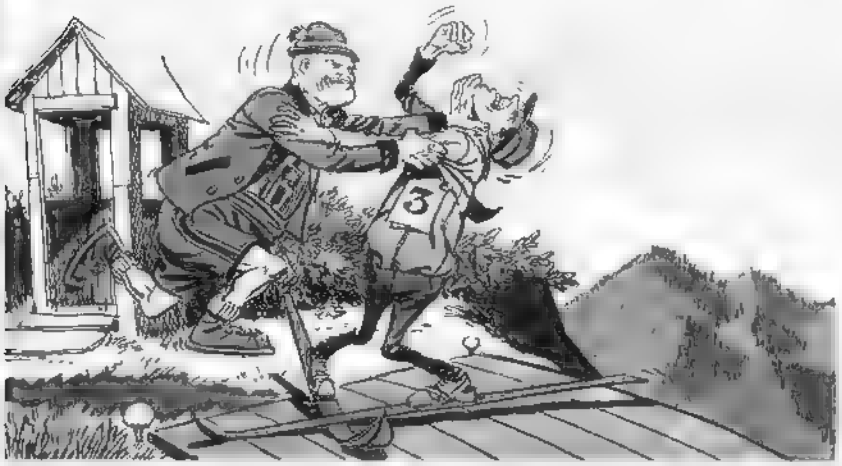
As you can see, "Summer Skiing" is **really catching on**—judging by the **nice turnout** we've got today . . .

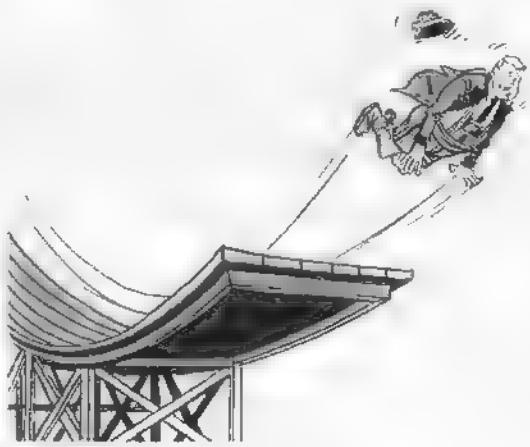
Pssst! Not **here,** you fool! This is our "Wild World of Sports" **camera crew!** The crowd is **over there** on the right . . .

As the first contestant steps to the starting ramp, you will notice several exciting **differences** between **Winter** and **Summer Skiing**. For example, in **Winter jumping**, the **Starter** signals **"ready to go"**—and the skiier shoves off. But in **Summer jumping**, the **skiier** signals **"ready to go,"** and the **Starter** has to shove **HIM** off—because what the skiier **really** means is: he's ready to go **home** after seeing what he's expected to **jump INTO . . .**

There goes the first contestant! **He's off!**

OOPS! Sorry, folks. That's **not** the first contestant—that's the **Starter!** This sure has been a rough day for Starters! Oh, well, there's plenty more where he came from . . .





Now they've brought up **another** Starter, and **he's** taken a crack at shoving the first skiier off. And although he's seriously scratched and clawed, he's managed to **push** the first contestant into a nice **"Shrecklich"** or **"Take-off."**

We'd like to point out, right about now, that in Winter, everything here in Kopfshplatten is covered with a nice, soft, thick blanket of **snow** . . . and it's really amazing how much of the **scenery** one misses because of it . . .

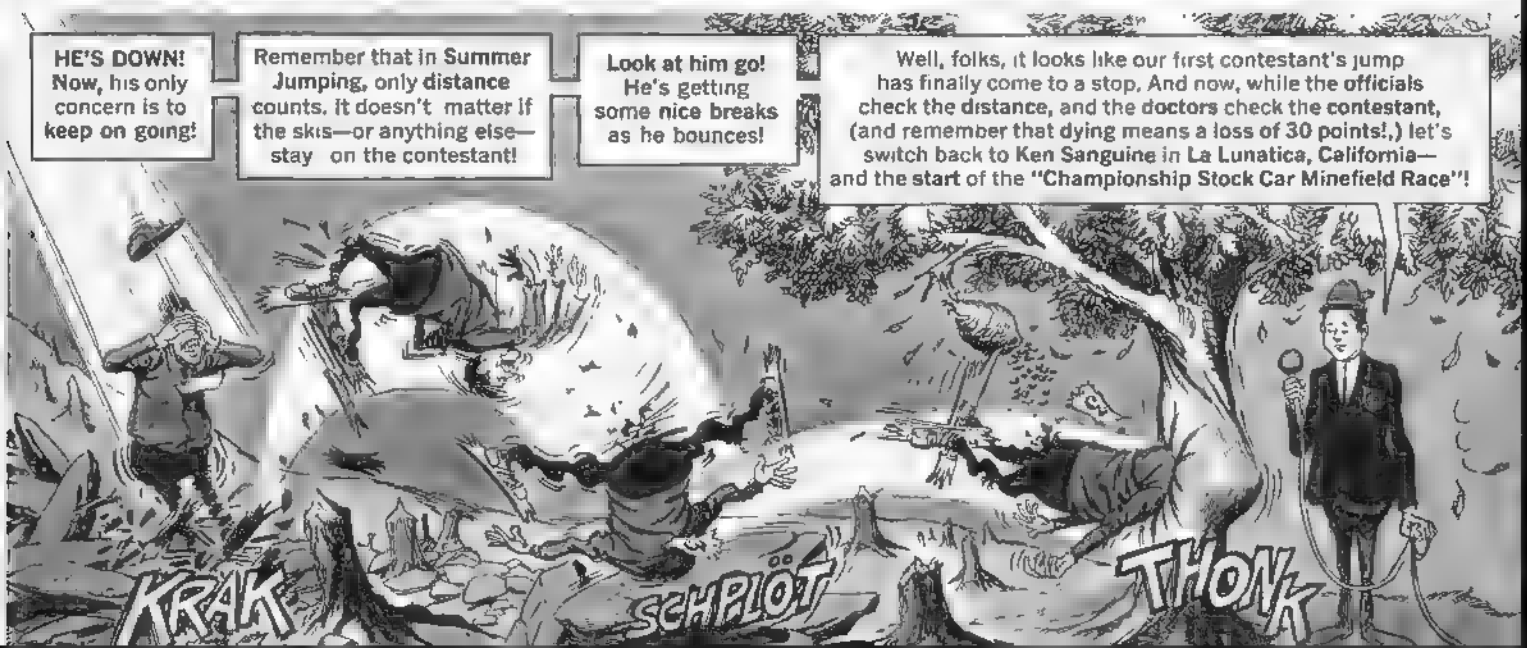
. . . and also, right about now, we'd like to bet that our first contestant wishes he could miss some of that scenery as he goes into his breathtaking **"Luchinkopf"** or **"Touchdown"** approach . . .

HE'S DOWN! Now, his only concern is to **keep on going!**

Remember that in **Summer Jumping,** only **distance** counts. It doesn't matter if the skis—or anything else—stay on the contestant!

Look at him go! He's getting some **nice breaks** as he bounces!

Well, folks, it looks like our first contestant's jump has finally come to a stop. And now, while the **officials** check the **distance,** and the **doctors** check the **contestant,** (and remember that dying means a loss of 30 points!,) let's switch back to **Ken Sanguine** in **La Lunatica, California**—and the **start** of the **"Championship Stock Car Minefield Race"!**



Thank you, Bill Violence—**AND THERE'S THE GUN . . .**

THEY'RE OFF! Number 26 edges into lead, burning up this booby-trapped track at the astounding speed of 2 and 8/10ths miles per hour . . .

By the way, folks, notice the new and exciting **wrinkle** that's been added this year. Those little round **buttons** on the front and back bumpers of each car are actually **detonators**—and each car is loaded with **22 sticks of dynamite!** So that should liven things up a bit . . .

BANG

At the first turn, it's **Number 26**—still in the lead—driven by **Gary Bronzeskin** of Glendale, California. And if Gary can **keep** this lead, he'll make a wonderful dream come true. Gary is a handsome, blond, 23-year-old Freshman at Glendale High School who's been itching **to drop out** and make **racing** his **career.** A victory here could really help Gary make up his mi — —

Good luck, Gary Bronzeskin, in that great **"Stock Car Race" in the sky . . .**

Hey, where's **Number 32** going? That's **Rocky Girlcrayzee—really taking off!**

He's up to 3 . . . 4 . . . **5 miles an hour!** The crowd is going **wild.** What a fantastic display of **courage!**

What a fantastic display of **determination!**

But mainly, what a fantastic display of—

GUTS! (YECCH!)

Take it away, Bill Violence! *(choke)*

BBOOM

And here we are, back in Kopfshplatten, Austria, watching the **second** contestant in this **"Championship Summer Skiing"** event!

It's "Pootzy" Schlepp, and he's off to a fine **"Schrecklich!"**

Oh-oh! Pootzy may be in **serious trouble!** It looks like the most feared hazard in Summer Ski Jumping . . . the dreaded **"Farbrentverren"** or **"Friction Build-up"!** Pootzy must have **forgotten** to **"Schmaltz"** or **"Grease"** his skis . . .

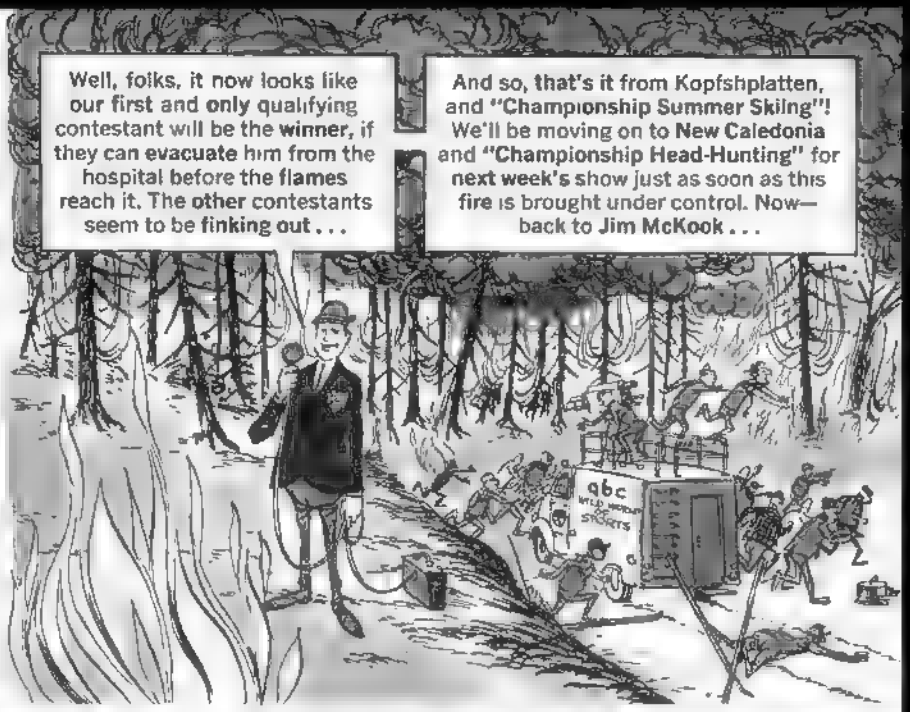
But if he can reach the end of the ramp before the skis reach their **kindling point,** he may—

Nope! He **didn't make it!** His skis are **AFLAME!**

He's losing control! The wind is catching him and whipping him off-course! He's being carried toward the tinder-dry woods that line the slope! And I might point out that there's been quite a drought this Summer here in Kopfshplatten . . .

Well, folks, it now looks like our first and only qualifying contestant will be the winner, if they can evacuate him from the hospital before the flames reach it. The other contestants seem to be finking out . . .

And so, that's it from Kopfshplatten, and "Championship Summer Skiing"! We'll be moving on to New Caledonia and "Championship Head-Hunting" for next week's show just as soon as this fire is brought under control. Now—back to Jim McKook . . .



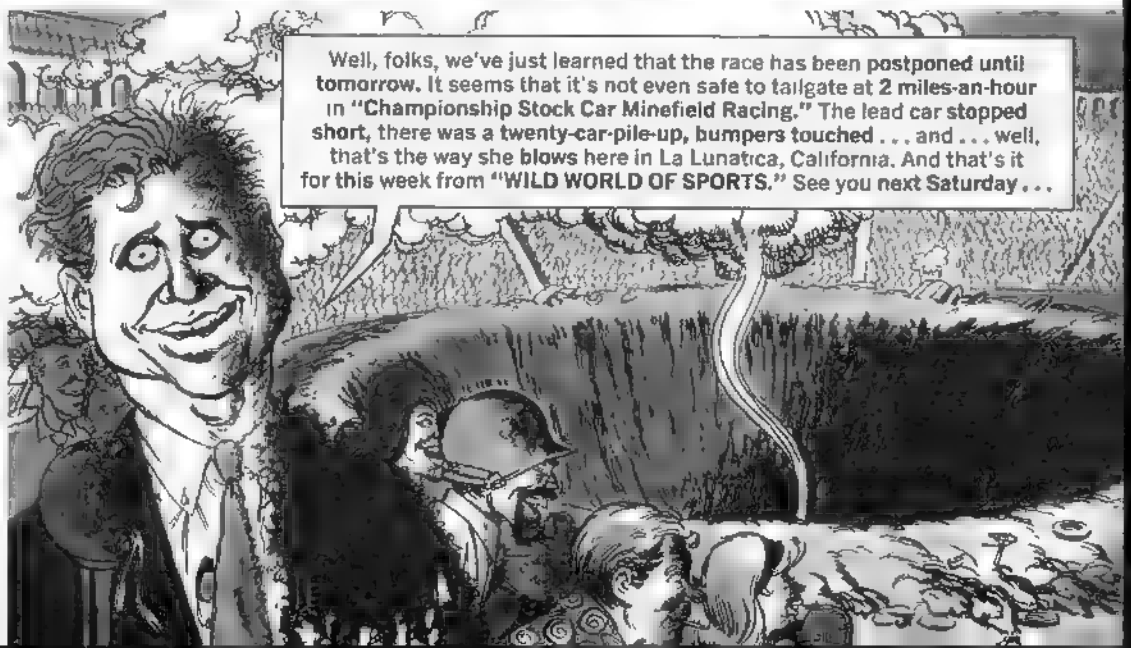
Actually, Bill Violence was being just a wee bit optimistic, there. His "Wild World Of Sports" camera crew never got to New Caledonia! But they didn't forget us, either. So next week, you'll be seeing the great "Championship Fire-Fighting" event from Kopfshplatten, Austria, (Bill and the boys thoughtfully left the film in fire-proof cans for us before they were wiped out!) —along with "Championship Molten-Lava-Surfing" from Hawaii. And now, back to "Championship Stock Car Minefield Racing" . . .

While the race moves along, we'd like you to meet some of the nice folks in this gay, festive crowd. How do you like the race so far, Sir?

It's great! I used to be crazy about the Indianapolis 500 . . . you know, the one they call the "Classic of Auto Racing"! Well, no more! It's too tame! Why, with them bums, you're lucky to get one lousy serious injury! But here, Man, you can count on not only plenty of injuries, but at least two or three fatalities!

Thank'you, Sir. And now, back to the ra - -

Well, folks, we've just learned that the race has been postponed until tomorrow. It seems that it's not even safe to tailgate at 2 miles-an-hour in "Championship Stock Car Minefield Racing." The lead car stopped short, there was a twenty-car-pile-up, bumpers touched . . . and . . . well, that's the way she blows here in La Lunatica, California. And that's it for this week from "WILD WORLD OF SPORTS." See you next Saturday . . .



MOVE AHEAD 3 PAGES DEPT.

The board game, MONOPOLY, is still the most popular one around today. Aside from the relaxation it affords adults, it teaches children the elements of success in our capitalistic society, namely greed, acquisition and ruthlessness. But there are other areas in our society not now covered by board games. And so, to educate our children and amuse adults, MAD offers, free of charge or royalty to game board manufacturers, the following

NEW WE'D

NIELSEN RATING

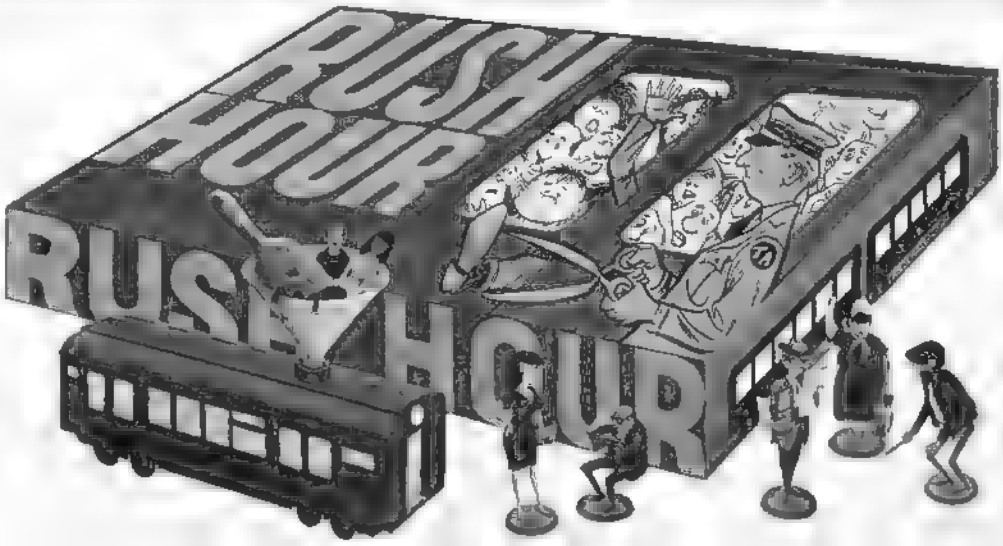
Each player receives a TV Network and sets out to shape a brand new Autumn Programming Schedule. Players draw cards which outline program formats for Westerns, Situation Comedies, Old Movies, Sports Events, Documentaries, etc., and can either retain the cards or reject them. Object of game is to try to accumulate the most innocuous, ridiculous, stupid, inane, improbable, idiotic and preposterous programs, as those are the kind that usually score the highest Nielsen ratings. Winner of game is chosen by any 8-year-old child or adult-imbecile available who merely reads over cards of each player and picks the most appealing schedule.

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE

Each player starts out with a 2-year-old Detroit car. Object of game is to drive car as far as possible without making any repairs — until car completely demolishes itself. Players all begin in New York and head west to California. Winner usually has to go no further than Ohio, but a really cautious player might make it to the Rockies.

RUSH HOUR

Each player gets a subway car of the New York City Transit System during the evening rush hour. Object is to crowd the most people-pieces into the car without actually suffocating them or crushing them. Players use various people-pieces to try to empty out an opponent's car. "The Garlic-Breath Passenger" piece can clean out five people, "The Sleeping Drunk" piece gets rid of ten, and "The Hood With A Switchblade" piece empties half a car. There are also counter-pieces, like "The Transit Cop" piece, "The Ex-Marine With A Sense Of Justice" piece, and "The Beautiful" piece— which draw passengers *into* your car.

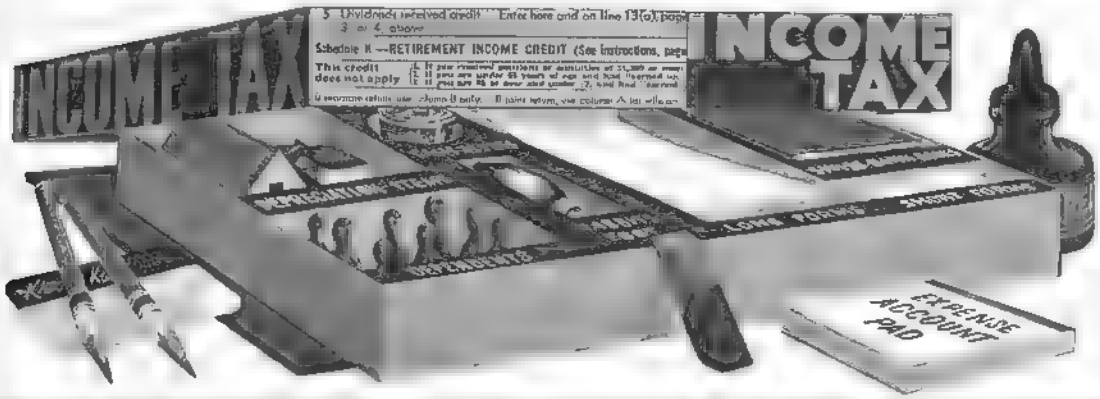


BOARD GAMES REALLY LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PATRICK McGIVERN

PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

Each player begins the game with ten golden pieces which represent various Principles, Virtues and Ideals. The object of the game is for each player to vie with his opponents to see who can discard most Principles, Virtues and Ideals in order to gain Political Advantage. Whenever a player discards a Principle, he draws a "Constituent Card". This card tells him just how many Constituents he has betrayed by discarding that Principle. The player who betrays the most Constituents and has the fewest Principles, Virtues and Ideals left at the end of play wins the game . . . by being elected a United States Senator by a landslide.



INCOME TAX

Each player starts out with a gross income of $20,000 for a given year. The winner is the player who, by lying, cheating, or any other forms of cunning—including marriage, children, joint returns, padded expenses, capital gains, tax-loss carry-overs and other manipulations—manages to pay least amount of State and Federal Income Taxes.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Game begins with each player losing his job. All players then begin to collect Unemployment Insurance checks. The winner is the one who can collect the most checks before benefits run out, successfully fending off any and all offers of work. As they roll dice, the players move from weekly check to weekly check, encountering obstacles like "You Are Offered A Job In Your Field" or "You Showed Up Late—Go To Line C" or "They Found Out You Turned A Job Down" and so forth. When game is concluded, players may turn over the "UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE" board and play another, more advanced game on the other side . . . "WELFARE CHECK".

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Each player starts out with a lovely rural community and immediately opens it to commercial development. Using model factories, gas stations, motels, driving ranges, custard stands, signs, etc., players vie with each other to pollute the most rivers, bulldoze the most woodlands, and destroy the most scenic wonders—those not obscured by his signs. In general, the object of the game is to duplicate the disgusting vistas now blossoming outside all of our country's Population Centers.

GENERAL PRACTITIONER

As game begins, each player finishes his Internship and becomes a Doctor. All Doctor-Players then take turns drawing cards representing patients. The object of the game is to refer the most patients to specialists or hospitals without actually having to lay a hand upon anyone's diseased anatomy. Winner of game is one who has retained most number of patients after giving them such short shrift.

SERVICE STATION

Each player starts out with a fully-equipped Service Station and five customers with cars in need of repairs. The player who can charge his car-owner customers the highest prices for the least amount of actual repair wins the game. Points are awarded for charging for new spark plugs without having replaced them and other tricks.

BUTTON DOWN

All players start out with sound health, alert minds and creative imaginations. The first move each player makes is to obtain a job in a Madison Ave. Ad Agency. The next move is to lose self respect. Object of game is to sell ideas to Agency clients—each sale earning player an ulcer. Winner is first player to accumulate 10 ulcers, or die at 45 of a heart attack.

IN THE HABERDASHERY

A NEW LEASE ON STRIFE DEPT.

With the population explosion rapidly engulfing all available land, today's builders have decided that the only way to get as many people as possible on as little land as possible is to build *up*. So, in cities and suburbs all over the country, huge luxury apartment buildings are rising. If you look through the Real Estate section of your newspaper, you'll find any number of examples of . . .

THE TYPICAL LUXURY APARTMENT HOUSE AD

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

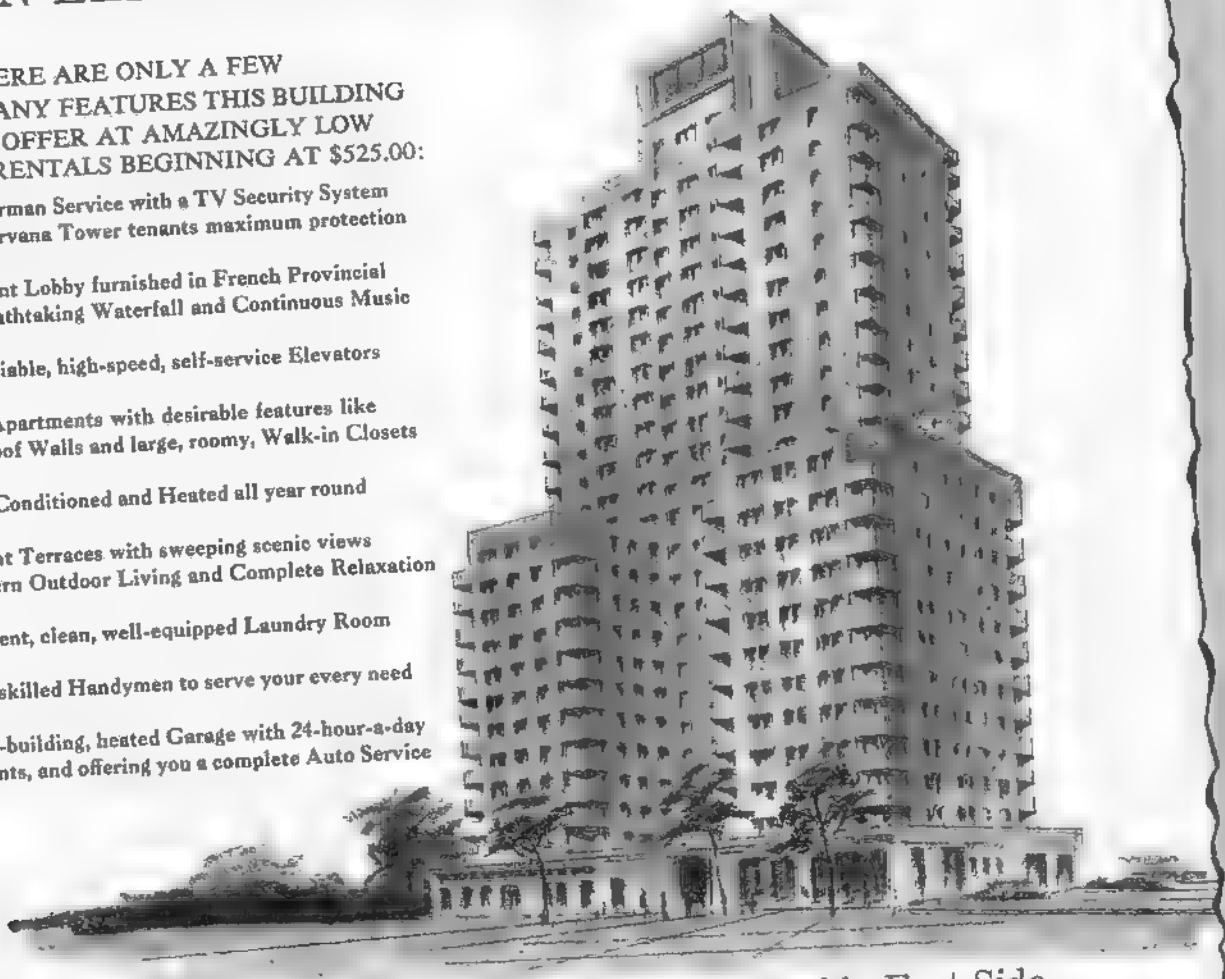
Nirvana Towers

at 1234 East 69th Street

AN ELEGANT APARTMENT RESIDENCE

HERE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE MANY FEATURES THIS BUILDING HAS TO OFFER AT AMAZINGLY LOW MONTHLY RENTALS BEGINNING AT $525.00:

* 24-hour Doorman Service with a TV Security System offering Nirvana Tower tenants maximum protection
* A magnificent Lobby furnished in French Provincial with a breathtaking Waterfall and Continuous Music
* Modern, reliable, high-speed, self-service Elevators
* Fabulous Apartments with desirable features like Sound-proof Walls and large, roomy, Walk-in Closets
* 100% Air-Conditioned and Heated all year round
* Magnificent Terraces with sweeping scenic views for Modern Outdoor Living and Complete Relaxation
* A convenient, clean, well-equipped Laundry Room
* A staff of skilled Handymen to serve your every need
* An in-the-building, heated Garage with 24-hour-a-day Attendants, and offering you a complete Auto Service

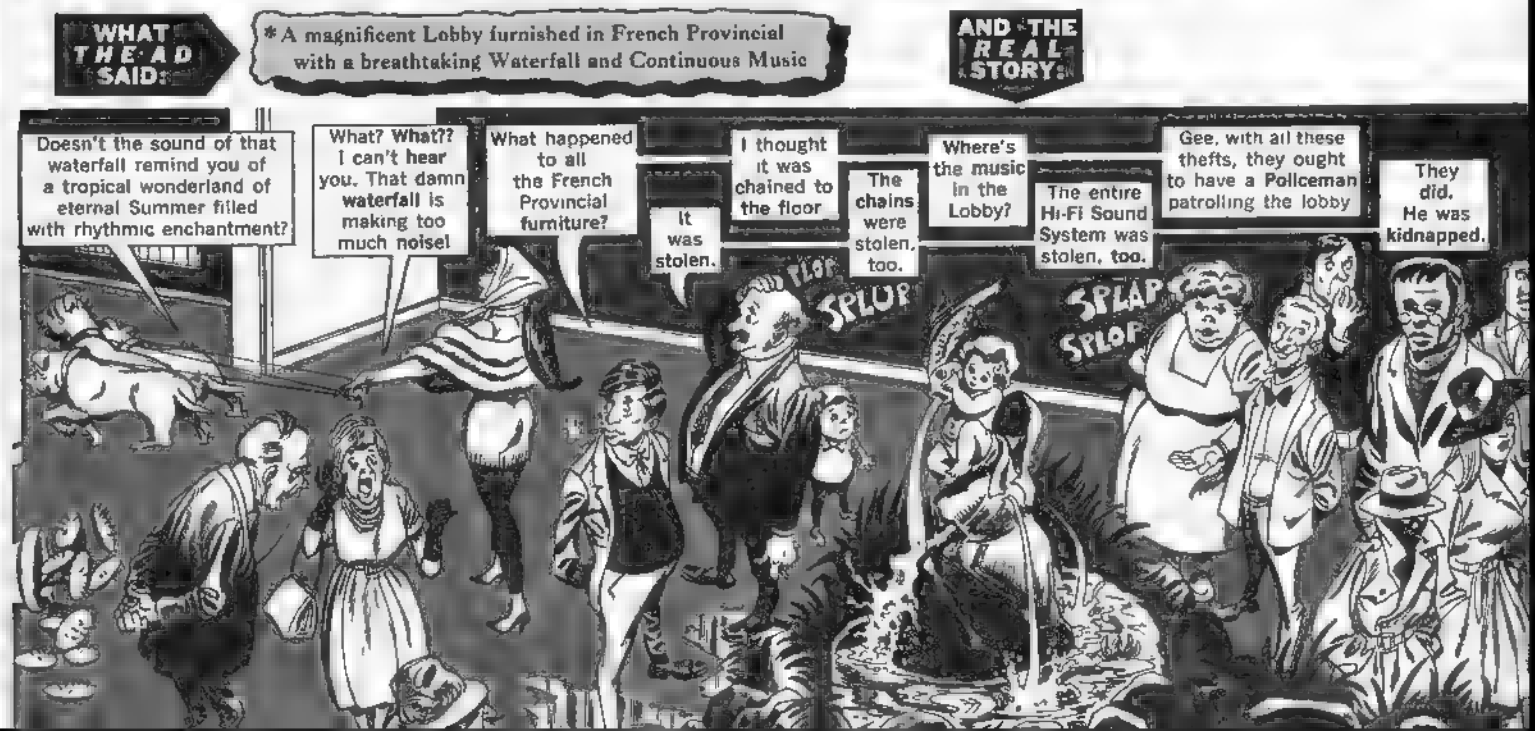


Live in a quality neighborhood on the fashionable East Side

ANOTHER APARTMENT RESIDENCE BY KWIKILLING CONSTRUCTION CO.

If you're wondering where the jokes are in the ad on the left, all you have to do is fall for it. Because when you move in, you will discover—as the writer of this article discovered when he fell for it and moved in—that the whole ad is one big joke. You'll see what he means as he takes excerpts from the advertisement and then compares them to what it's really like living in . . .

THE TYPICAL LUXURY APARTMENT HOUSE



WHAT THE AD SAID:

*Modern, reliable, high-speed, self-service Elevators

AND THE REAL STORY:

WHAT THE AD SAID:

*Fabulous Apartments with desirable features like Sound-proof Walls and large, roomy, Walk-in Closets

AND THE REAL STORY:

WHAT THE AD SAID:

*100% Air-Conditioned and Heated all year round
*Magnificent Terraces with sweeping scenic views for Modern Outdoor Living and Complete Relaxation

AND THE REAL STORY:

WHAT THE AD SAID:

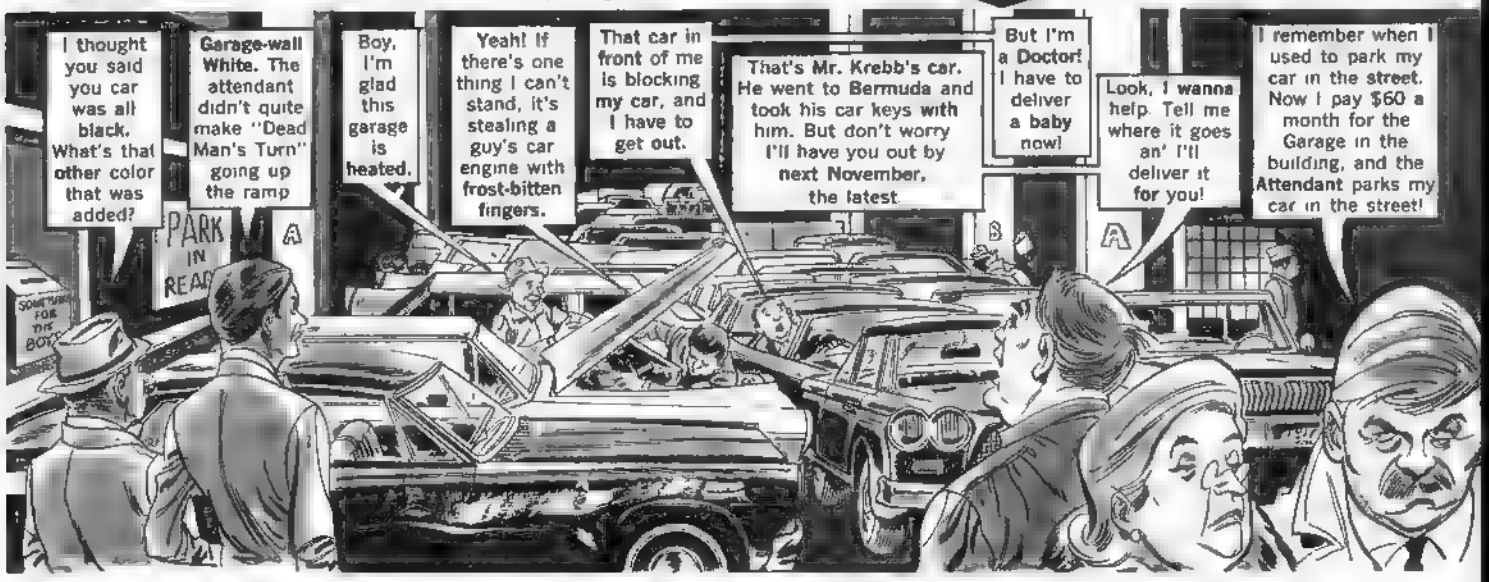
* A convenient, clean, well-equipped Laundry Room
* A staff of skilled Handymen to serve your every need

AND THE REAL STORY:

WHAT THE AD SAID:

* An in-the-building, heated Garage with 24-hour-a-day Attendants, and offering you a complete Auto Service

AND THE REAL STORY:



WHAT THE AD SAID:

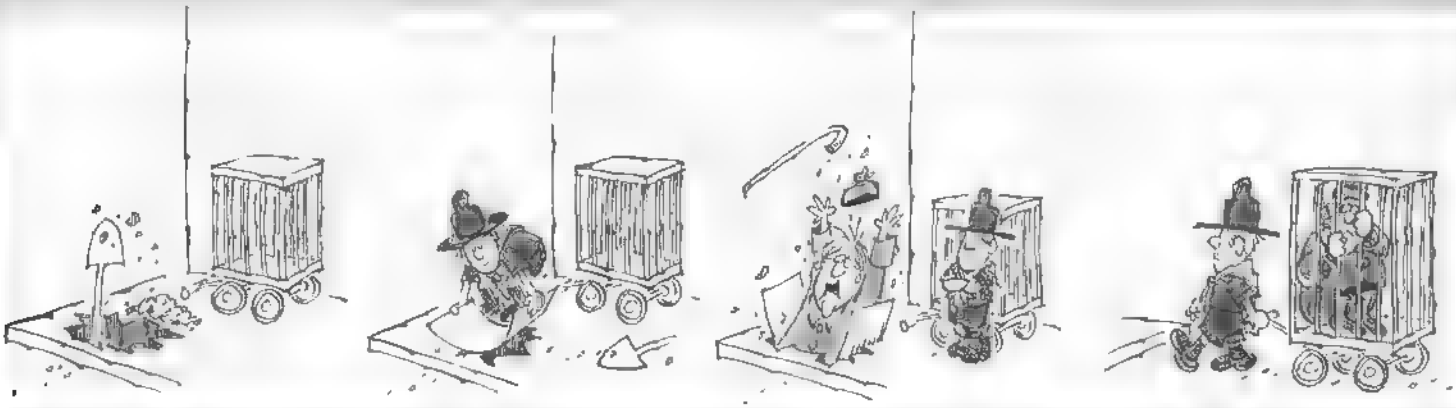
Live in a quality neighborhood on the fashionable East Side

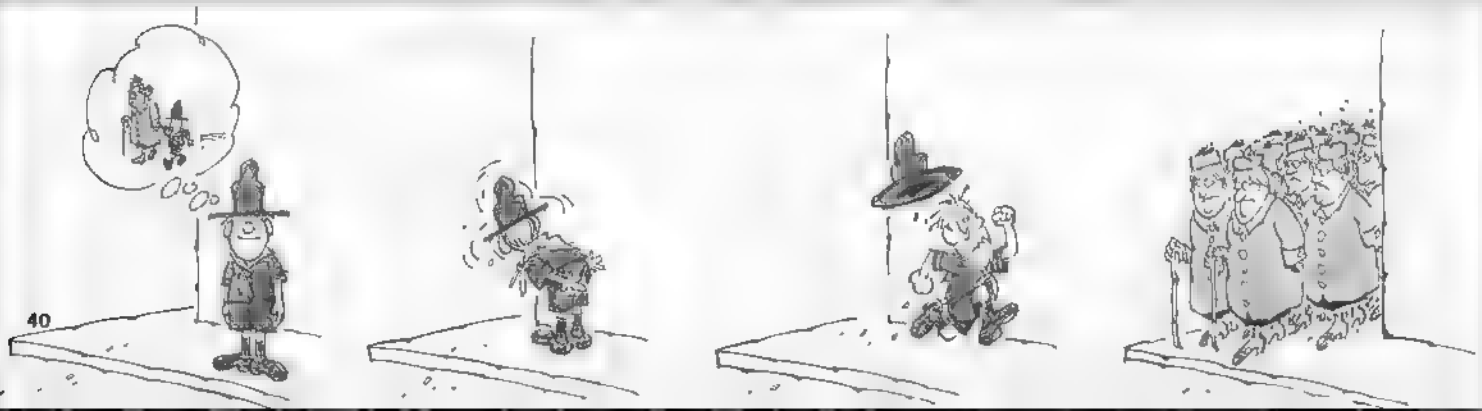
AND THE REAL STORY:

ON MY HONOR, I WILL BE A PEST KEPT.

BOY SCOUTS vs.

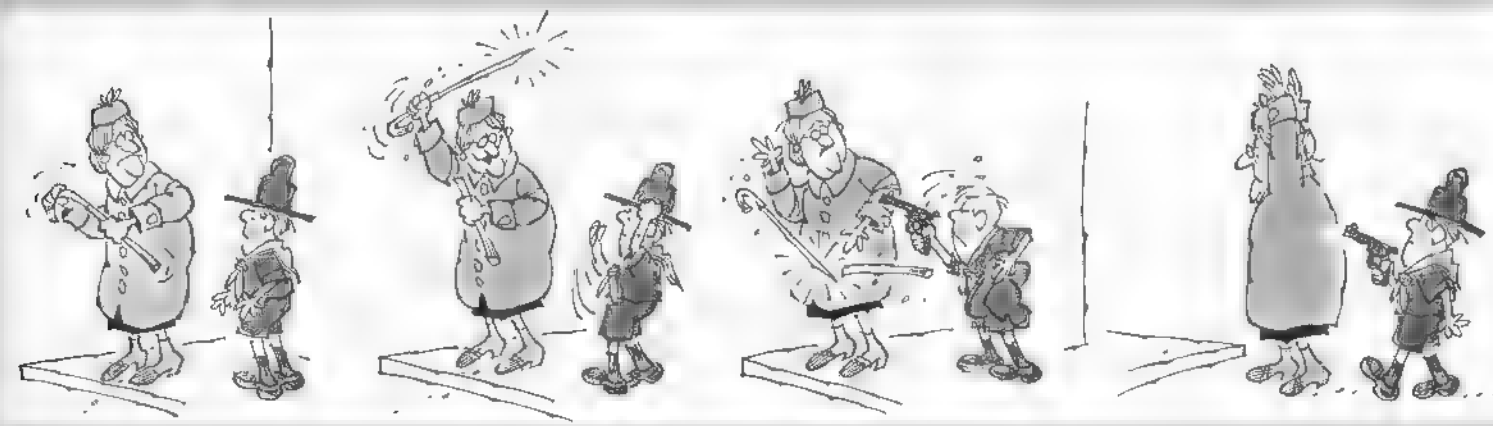
ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

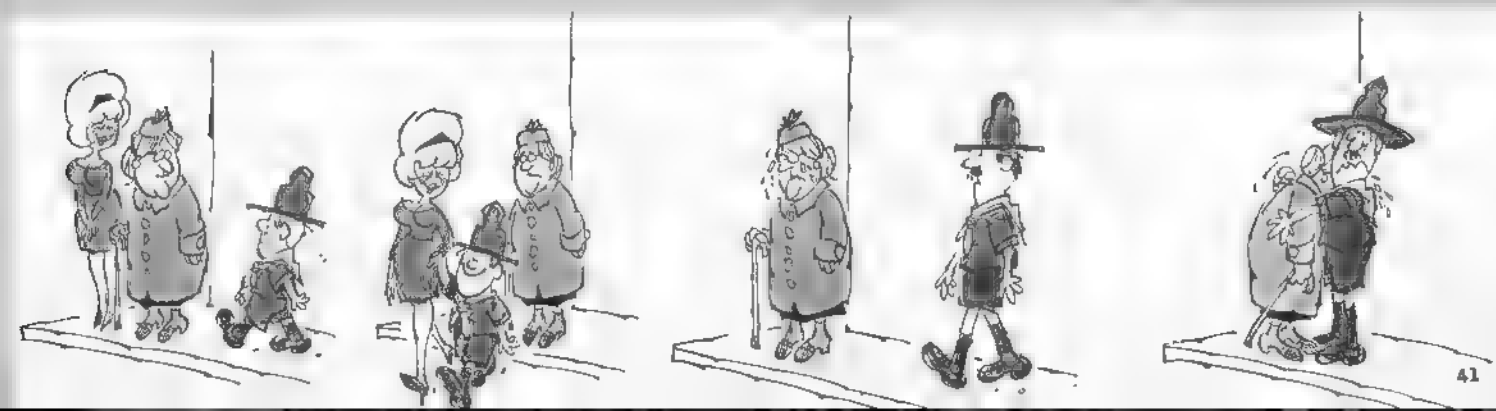




LITTLE OLD LADIES

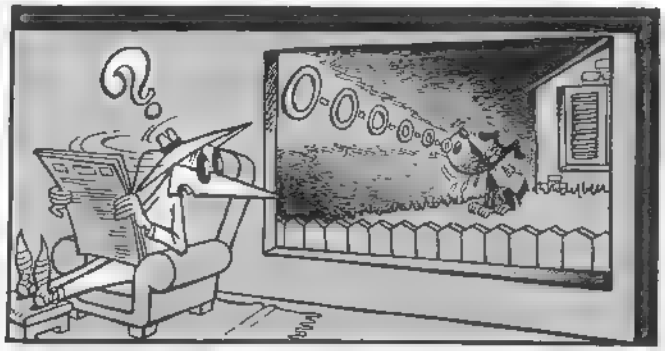
WRITER: DON EDWING

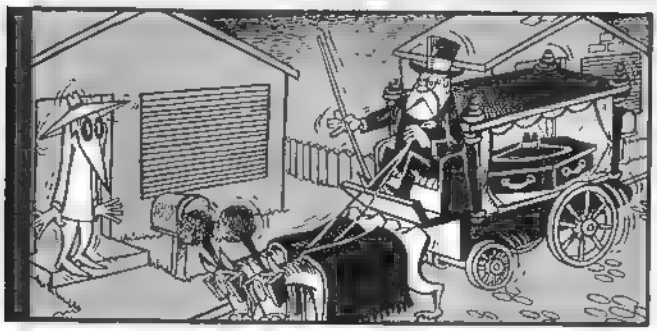


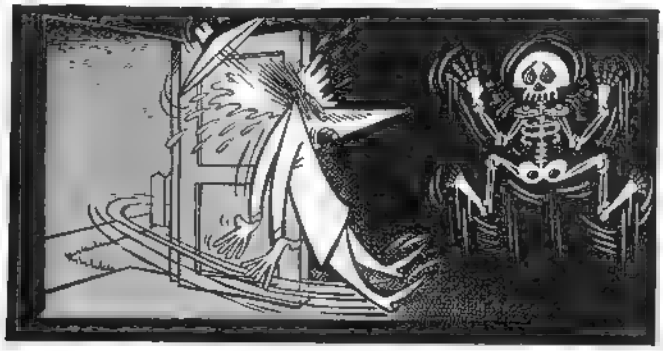


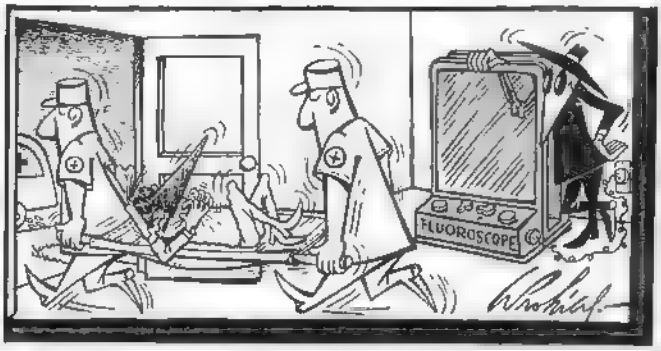
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

SPY VS SPY









CRAZY OTTO DEPT.

OTTO PREMATURE PRESENTS

FIVE MINUTES OF CLEVER TITLES FOLLOWED BY TWO HOURS OF INCREDIBLE BOREDOM ENTITLED...

BUBBY LAKE MISSED ... BY A MILE!

STARRING

CAROL LIMPLY —whose haunting portrayal of a grieved Mother leaves much to be desired

KIER DULLARD —who will deadpan his way into your hearts

NOEL COWHEAD —triumphantly demonstrating that some people will do anything for a fast buck

AND SPECIAL GUEST STAR

LAURENCE OF OLIVIER —if you loved him in his role as Hamlet, you'll cringe with embarrassment at his role as Superintendent Nuthouse

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

There's something under this blanket! I've got to see—Ohhh! Thank goodness it's not Bubby!

Mrs. Lake, I will thank you not to come in here and disturb our children during their **Creative Free Play** period!

I heard the **dreadful news.** I'm glad to see that you're not getting all upset and acting **too emotional.**

I would if I knew how!

You're right! I saw you in "The Cardinal"!

How do you do? I am the **retired Founder** of this school. Now, I am making a study of **"Childhood Fantasies"**. Listen to this bit of foolishness:

Let's make a movie about a **child** who is **supposed to be kidnapped,** only no one knows if she **really exists** or **not . . .**

Isn't that **too idiotic** for words? Who but a **child** could take such an idea **seriously?**

I am **Supt. Nuthouse** of Scotland Yard—

Will **you** do something to help me find my daughter?

Probably not. I'll just stand around **looking grim,** and **say profound things.**

And is **that all?**

Think it's **easy** without moving my **mouth?!**

Mrs. Lake, where is your **husband?**

I'm not married. I'm an unwed mother!

I see. Well, we live in an enlightened age. We can **understand** such modern problems. Permit me to make **one comment?**

Of course

Shame, Shame on you!

Is that any way for an **intelligent person** to behave?

Hah! **You** should talk!

When did you arrive in England?

Four days ago!

Five days ago!

That's a **clue!** They don't agree on the day of **arrival!**

Shut up! You want to give the **ending** away?

We checked the apartment. There is no trace of a child ever having lived there!

Mrs. Lake, I'm not convinced that your child exists at all. She may be a figment of your imagination. An imaginary playmate that you made up.

Where did you get that idea?

From Oscar.

From Oscar? Who is Oscar?

Why he's my imaginary playmate. And you've been stepping on him all morning!

LOST AND FOUND ROOM

LOST AND NOT FOUND ROOM

How do you do. I am your landlord and I want to be friends with you. Do me a favor . . . ?

Of course. Name it . . .

Hit me in the mouth!

I don't understand

I'm a Masochist!

Give me a Charley Horse—a Hickey—Two for flinching—Anything . . .

Stop it! Stop it!

Ooh, when I catch you, I'll give you such a hit in my eye with your fist!

If you don't stop, I'll call the Police!

Oh, goody! Police brutality!

You're not a Masochist! You're a Sadist!

No, a Sadist is someone who likes to make other people suffer!

What do you think your performance is doing to the audience?

Take that degenerate out. You can use your club on him, but only if he behaves himself!

Step on my ear! Slap me on my sunburn! Show me some affection!

Why are we sitting here, watching "The Zombies" on TV?

My dear, you don't understand our business.

I don't understand Detective Business?

No—Show Business. Otto Premature wanted to lure the teenagers into seeing this picture, so he shoved in "The Zombies"!

That's disgraceful. A Producer should only put people into a picture if they're really good and belong in it . . . not for any other reason!

Hmmm! You should talk!

Well, here we are together—just a normal 27-year-old brother who takes a bath while his normal 25-year-old sister watches him.

Bubby's doll! I just remembered I gave it in to be fixed. That will prove she exists. I must get that doll!

But you can't leave now . . .

Don't worry, dear. I'll get the Cleaning Woman to come in and watch you while you bathe.

NO ONE ADMITTED WHILE THE WATER IS RUNNING

I've come for Bubby's doll.

Sorry. She cannot be moved.

But I must have her!

Then I cannot be responsible for what may happen!

If you take her now, she may never wet again!

YE OLD DOLL HOSPITAL

Oh, I've seen these eerie scenes before. I know that something very dramatic is about to happen . . .

Any minute now .

Soon, I guess .

I appreciate you people in the audience keeping me company It's so boring to wait alone.

Well, you must admit this movie is full of surprises! Nothing DOES happen!

Speedy! What are you doing? You're burning Bubby's doll? Why this sudden transformation? I never knew you were insane!

How COULD you know? We've only been together every day for the past twenty-five years!

Don't do anything rash! Think of your future!

I am thinking of my future! Ever since "David and Lisa," being a "kook" is the only part I can get!

POW!

Hmmm. A very bad case. When I push her stomach, she doesn't say "Ma-ma." Nurse, remove her stuffing!

See? This is what we get in England ever since the Physicians boycotted Socialized Medicine.

I must escape! I just realized that my nutty brother is the one who kidnapped my daughter!

You just realized it? The audience knew it all along!

They did!?!

Boy! Thanks a lot, audience. Just sit there and don't say anything while I suffer. Okay, from now on, we're not going to make it clear how we get any clues, or why I don't call the Police and tell them, or how Bubby was taken, or anything. You don't deserve it!

And it serves you right if you fell for the ads and came to see "The Zombies" on a big movie screen instead of a small TV screen only to discover that they put them on a small TV screen in the big movie screen!

After all these years that I've looked after him, and worried about him, and took care of him, he could do a thing like this to me . . . ?

Driving Bubby around without a spare tire!?!

There's only one thing to do. I'll regress to childhood and play games with him. But only . . . only if . . . only if he'll give me "Last Licks"!

Speedy, honey! I got a wonderful idea. Let's play "Doctor". . .

Ooh! Ooh! I got a better idea! Let's play "Hide n' Seek". . .

Isn't this chilling . . . juxtaposing the innocence of children's games with the depravity of a maniac? Too bad Mr. Premature hasn't seen the seven other horror movies that used the same gimmick before he did!

One— two— three—

Mommy! Let's escape while he's not looking!

Are you kidding? That would be cheating!!

Wheee! Up and down— up and down!

Quick, Mommy! Push the trampoline out from under him so he'll fall and smash his skull!

Don't be ridiculous, Bubby! That's what the audience expects. Besides, it would introduce a note of violence into the movie, and Mr. Premature wouldn't like that. Heck, he hasn't even introduced a note of action into the picture up to now!

Let's play "Blindman's Buff"!

Mommy! His eyes are covered! Now you can hit him with that shovel!

And end up like Samantha Eggcream ended up in "The Collector"?!?

Gee, I'm so glad you're here, Superintendent Nuthouse! I must tell you something surprising! My Uncle Speedy is the one who kidnapped me!

That so? And now I'll tell you something surprising! I'm not really a Superintendent! I just like to play "Cops and Robbers"!

You what??

And incidentally . . . Bang-bang! You're dead!

Oh, what fun! Somebody bury me in the Sand Box— head down!

This is MY swing, and MY trampoline, and MY movie set, and MY picture, and if I can't play, you can't play either, so there!!

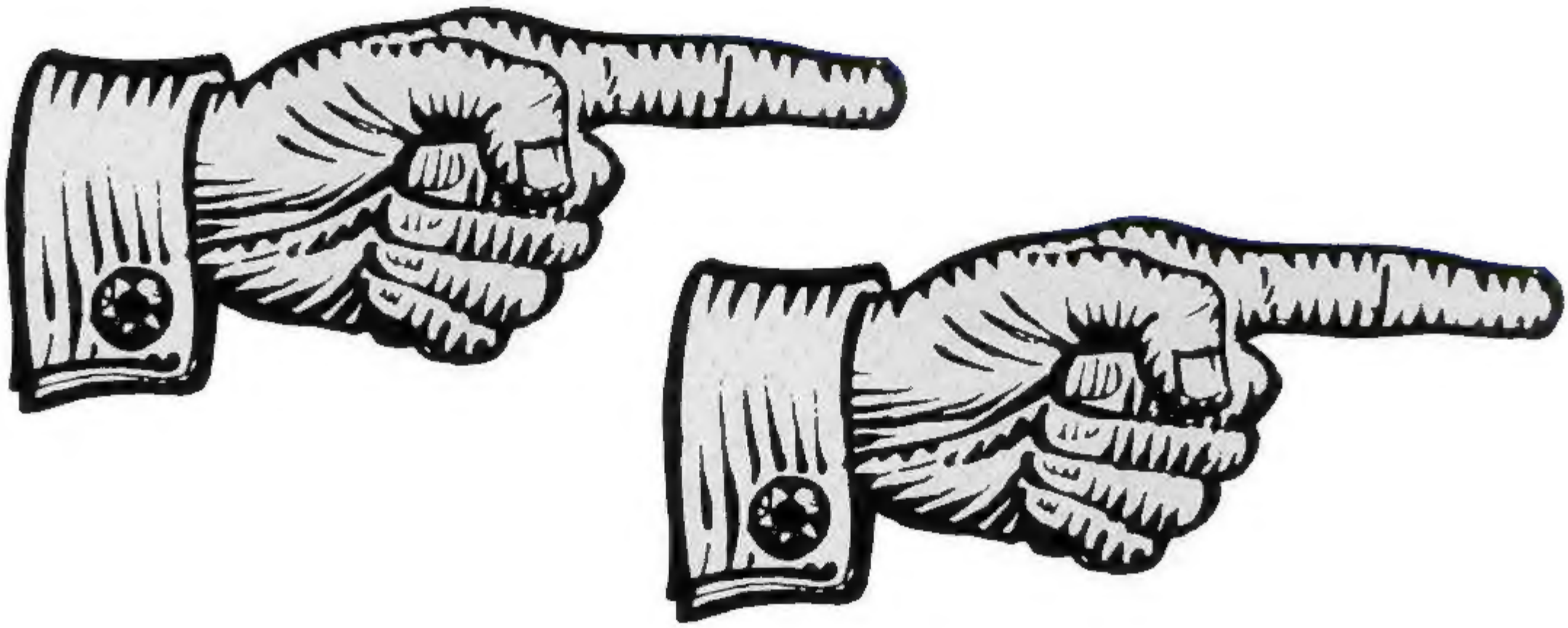
Mr. Premature, if you ever remake this picture, let me stay missing!

Aren't you glad they didn't let you into the theater "While The Clock Was Ticking"? Otherwise, you would've enjoyed this sickening ending twice!

WURT DRUCKER

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



HOW YOU TOO CAN MAKE A FORTUNE IN THE BOOMING SKI BUSINESS

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Thousands of enterprising businessmen are making a killing in this popular Winter Sport. To find out how you can get in on more of the gravy than anyone else, just fold in the page as shown above.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BECAUSE SKIING HAS BEEN SO PROFITABLE FOR SOME BUSINESSMEN, OTHERS ARE LOOKING TO MAKE A DOLLAR FROM THIS POPULAR WINTERTIME BENEFACTOR

A ▶ ◀ B

HOW YOU TOO CAN MAKE A FORTUNE IN THE BOOMING SKI BUSINESS

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BECOME

A DOCTOR

A▶◀B

THE TELEVISION STUDIO

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE